

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General

A LADY reader of the front page of "Saturday Night" sends me the following "Alaska epigrams":

The Lord gave and Lord Alverstone hath taken away; blessed be the name of Lord Alverstone.

The Eagle may be expected to get the Lion's share; but it has taken the Beaver's also.

If Uncle Sam would possess our land, let him have our waterways likewise; if he compels us to give him a mile, let us bestow upon him our Pacific coast into the bargain.

The quality of arbitration is twice blessed; it blesseth England that gives and Uncle Sam that takes.

God save the King! But who will save Canada?

Faithful are the wounds of a Boer; but the kisses of a Commission are deceitful.

Lord Alverstone maketh a cheerful giver.

"Thou shalt not arbitrate" is the last and safest commandment of all.

England expects every Commissioner to do his Canadian.

And now abideth these three: Ashburton, Alverstone and Aylesworth; and the greatest of these is Aylesworth.

THAT the expected has happened does not make the thing any more palatable. No Canadian conversant with the simplest facts of the history of Canada and the United States expected anything better from the Alaska award than we have got. Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall not be disappointed. We are neither surprised nor disappointed, but we are sore. When California and Texas were stolen from the Mexicans they were not only surprised, but enraged—very properly so. We are well situated to sympathize with Spain in the loss to the United States of Florida, and a century later of Porto Rico and practically of Cuba. The Louisiana purchase was not altogether a steal, but something very much in the nature of it. Moreover, this is by no means the first time that Canada has had to take this sort of medicine; by this year of our Lord we ought to be used to it. In 1783 an immense territory west and north of the Ohio River was signed away by the supineness of Great Britain and the shrewdness of the Yankee negotiators. In 1815 by a treaty signed at Ghent after the war of 1812-14, Canada, having no voice in the negotiations, was swindled out of a large portion of Michigan, the Niagara frontier, and elsewhere, which, though conquered and held by Canadians during the war, were passed over to our neighbors at its close. In 1842 that titled old ass, Lord Ashburton, in delineating the boundary line between New Brunswick and Quebec on one hand and the State of Maine on the other, permitted a falsified map to mislead him, and a large slice of land running into Canada like a wedge was given away. In order to get Congress to accept the steal, considering the graft not great enough, the tricks of the Yankee negotiators were confessed, or rather boasted of. Now in order to get from Montreal to St. John, the nearest Atlantic port, we either have to cross this stretch of Maine or dodge around it, as the Grand Trunk Pacific will have to do. Of course Canada was not represented, otherwise things might have been different. In 1846 the Oregon treaty gave our neighbors the Pacific coast territory up to the 49th degree of latitude. Of course this was not a loss to Canada then, for British Columbia was not a part of it; nevertheless, it is to our present disadvantage, particularly as later on the United States grabbed the Island of San Juan. In 1871 Sir John Macdonald represented Canada on a Joint High Commission at Washington, where the Alabama claims and other irritations were being discussed. It took all his time to save our fisheries and canal rights, and he paid little attention to the San Juan affair, the decision as to its ownership being left to the German Emperor, who gave it to the United States. Sir John Thompson represented Canada in the Behring Sea case. Of five points submitted all but one were decided by the majority of the Commission in favor of Canada, and that point led to the giving of joint power to Great Britain and the United States for protecting the seals on the high seas, showing that Canada was quite able to hold her own in a fair arbitration.

It is eminently illogical for the British newspapers to talk about the Alaskan Commission as an arbitration and that its failure would have been a severe blow to future international difficulties being settled by such means. The United States promised to appoint three "eminent jurists," Canada to appoint two and Great Britain one. The first element of an arbitration was absent, for if the Britishers had held together and the Yankees had held together, as everybody knew they would, no decision could have been arrived at. With the Yankees it was heads I win, tails you lose, for the men appointed were not eminent jurists, but common everyday Jingo politicians who dared give no other decision than the one that was arrived at. Lord Alverstone yielded, for diplomatic reasons no doubt, and helped the Yankee politicians to obtain what they were after, and what they were after was everything they claimed. The giving to us of the Portland Canal, guarded, however, at the mouth by two islands still held by the United States, which also control Dixon Entrance—a thoroughfare from the sea to Port Simpson, which was to have been the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific—is as empty a concession as if they gave us the contents of a bottle and continued to keep possession of the cork. If we had a just claim to the two islands they gave us there is no system of logical reasoning on earth or in the heavens above which would show them to be entitled to the two they kept. No matter what may be said of the other portion of the award, these two outer islands, admittedly ours, even by Lord Alverstone, were stolen from us.

As has been pointed out by several Canadian papers, it is better to have any kind of an old thing for a settlement than have to go to war, and it has been the settled opinion of Canada and Great Britain that the United States would never abandon its claim except forced at the bayonet's point to do so. This being the case, Lord Alverstone as a diplomat sacrificed Canadian territory and ports which should have been Canadian to retain the good will of the United States and prevent future international complications. Thus another huge hunk of Canada has gone to satisfy the rapacity of our neighbors, whose land hunger seems to grow as they succeed in bullying other nations with the promise of their friendship on one hand and a threat of war on the other. The Yankee politicians think they have Great Britain bluffed, and probably despise her more for being an easy thing than they esteem her as a friend or ally.

The result of the conference will greatly discommode Canada cannot be denied. From the Portland Canal to Mount St. Elias the Yukon Territory is cut off from the sea. The Grand Trunk Pacific will probably have to find a new terminus, and we will be continually threatened with the removal of the bonding privilege on the Pacific coast when we desire to carry our goods into Dawson City. Already several leading dailies have pointed out that we can make this United States victory a very barren one by building a railroad from some British Columbia port to the Yukon. As a self-respecting people we should undertake this enterprise at once and ask transportation favors from the United States for as short a period as possible. Indeed, a railroad could be built to the Yukon from Edmonton, or the Mackenzie River, and a great gold country developed, a country, too, which it is said would be of great agricultural value. Parliament is too near an end to do any more than vote the funds necessary for the location of a railway line. This certainly should be done so that by the time the winter session is reached something at least will be known of the character of the country both from Edmonton to the Yukon and from British Columbia. Furthermore, no time should be lost in taking every possible precaution to prevent the United States obtaining any claim to Hudson Bay or any of the territory which might control it. Something of this sort is already under way. If the plans are not sufficiently elaborate they ought to be extended, and the Government may be sure that no complaints will be made by the Canadian people on the ground of expense if the money is

wisely spent. The people of this country are not in a humor to be surrounded by a people who are collectively not friendly and who at any moment may become hostile.

The one bright spot in the whole business is the refusal of Sir Louis Jette and Mr. A. B. Aylesworth—Canada's Commissioners—to sign the award. That they fought for our interests with all their might and that the counsel who assisted them made the best case that was possible, cannot be doubted. The strong but dignified letter they have issued to the public bears the stamp of truth and honesty. The only protest they could make was made when they refused to sign and left the room. The decision of their four fellow Commissioners made the award binding for all time, and it probably would have been used. Probably Sir Louis would have received an additional title and Mr. Aylesworth would certainly have been knighted if they had made the award unanimous. We have reason to thank heaven that their Canadianism was too strong to be traded off for gewgaws, and they should be grandly banqueted on their return.

The effect of this award on Canadian sentiment can hardly be estimated. In the street cars, on the streets, wherever one meets people talking together, the Alaskan award has been almost the sole topic of conversation. Many hotheads would have Canada hasten to do foolish things which would be offensive alike to Great Britain and the United States, but wise counsels will no doubt prevail, though we have had a pretty hard jolt. We can afford to wait. The French shore question in Newfoundland is likely to be settled, as the principal differences between France and England are to be referred to the Peace Tribunal at The Hague. Without doubt a tendency to discuss Canadian independence is more noticeable than I have

In the thousands of new books that are yearly ground out by writers eager for money or fame, few are really original: the preponderance are mere echoes and imitations. Yet the subjects of human interest open to the novelist of to-day are countless in number. Social conditions change rapidly in the modern world. There must be many phases of life and character which offer the widest scope for romantic treatment, but have been overlooked by the makers of fiction. So much is this the case that it is always with a sense of surprise, or even shock, that one comes upon the book that is neither conventional nor trite. Such a book I recently picked up. It is called "The One Woman," and is a story of modern Utopia, by Thomas Dixon, Jr., a writer of whom I confess I had never heard, although it appears he wrote a remarkable book on the negro question in the South about a year ago.

"The One Woman" is the most stupendously sensational novel it is possible to imagine. Both in matter and treatment it exemplifies throughout the spirit and methods of daily journalism. The author, I venture to guess, is a newspaper man—possibly a police reporter—who has become familiar with the substrata of society in a great city and has learned how to manipulate words and marshal his statements so as to get the most vivid and sensational effect in the smallest detail. Yet, despite this, he has turned out a book that is worth reading by thoughtful people, for as a picture of the darker side of our industrial civilization and as an arraignment of socialistic theories and tendencies, it is a tremendously forceful piece of writing, and few who have once got into the current of the story will be able to resist its terrific drawing power. The author has taken for the central figure of his story a preacher, the pastor of a wealthy New York congregation, who becomes touched with socialistic doctrine and

overturning marriage. Socialists, I have no reason to doubt, are as true to their hymeneal vows as any other class of citizens—probably on the average no more and no less. But in common with the author of "The One Woman," I am convinced that consciously or unconsciously socialists are logically polygamists, or, at all events, hostile in the final analysis to monogamy as the corner stone of our present system of the laws of private property and inheritance. Socialism is not necessarily to be condemned because of this attitude towards the institution of marriage, which, like other institutions, has changed more than once in the past history of the race, and may change more than once again. But it is well to face the question squarely, and to admit the point which this writer makes so plain—that between the socialist propaganda and the institution of the family as at present understood there can be only war, inherent, inexorable, and to the bitter end.

KENNEDY, the Brantford murderer suspect, has now been committed for trial. This case was from the first full of circumstances calculated to inflame the community in which the crime took place. If the mob spirit were latent in the Canadian people it would surely have broken out on this occasion. But Canadian respect for law and love of order survived a crucial test without wavering. Almost anywhere in the United States Kennedy would have been strung up within a few hours of his arrest. Here the people are content to leave him to be disposed of by the ordinary machinery of justice. They are satisfied that justice will be done. If the self-control of a democracy is the measure of its civilization, Canadians have no reason to be ashamed of their record—and that, too, in a town where a murderer recently cheated the gallows.

THE misappropriation of mail bags for the purpose of carrying franked campaign literature through the mails has occasioned some hot talk in the House of Commons. The Opposition are accused of sending out tons and carloads of printed matter at the public expense by this means, but their reply was that the Government has been doing the same thing; that clerks in the departments have been employed for months past addressing parcels of political speeches and other campaign fireworks to the constituencies. Of course all this is wrong, and was never contemplated when the law was made permitting Members of Parliament and Senators to receive and send letters free of postage while Parliament is in session. The abuse of the franking privilege has gone on openly, however, for years. Beyond a half-hearted attempt to check it by the present P.M.G. after taking office, nothing has been done to wipe out what has become a scandalous and costly misuse of the country's postal facilities. Not only is a great quantity of mail matter carried free from which the Government should derive a revenue, but as pointed out in the present instance, the mails are even obstructed and legitimate post-office business side-tracked as a result of the cheeky and wholly unwarrantable diversion of public property by politicians and publishers under color of the franking law. Just imagine Dr. Sproule and Colonel Sam Hughes defying the Postmaster-General of the Dominion to take possession of a mountain of mail bags, the property of the department, but crammed full of Conservative literature and held in possession by the Conservative whip. Just imagine Dr. Sproule getting up and declaring that under the law the members who were sending out these bags were strictly within their rights, while Mr. George Taylor, the Opposition whip, threatened to keep Parliament in session until the mountain of mail matter was delivered. The whole thing is scandalous, but equally scandalous, if it can be proven, is the employment of public employees in the departments for the dissemination of Liberal party appeals.

Another phase of the abuse under discussion, which, however, was not referred to in the debate, is the abuse of the franking privilege by a lot of cheap John publishers and authors fortunate enough to live in Ottawa and to have access to the rubber stamp of a Minister or member. If I were pushing the sale of a book or working any fake on the Canadian public to make money, I would choose Ottawa as my headquarters and get next to some "statesman" who would allow me to frank my circulars all over the country under his initials. That is the way a good many schemes of a money-making character are operated from the Capital at this time. It is a privilege which was never contemplated under the law and should be restricted to legitimate proportions.

THE people of Ontario, all on account of a couple of by-elections, are being asked to regale themselves with another dish of political filth à la Gamey. It is surely time for some let-up on this everlasting re-hash of the offal of politics. The deeper we dip into it the worse it smells. Everyone, so far as I can discover, is heartily sick of Gamey as the chief political pudding on the table. There must be more important and palatable things awaiting our attention farther down on the menu card. If the Conservative cooks have not enough good taste or judgment to throw this stale and frowsy dish into the garbage barrel, the Liberals cannot be blamed for their efforts to dispel the stench with Crossin affidavits and other unpleasant but necessary disinfectants.

M. CHARLTON, M.P., is a heavyweight on legislation intended to force people to do things or compel them to leave other things undone. He is great on compulsory Sabbath observance; every session for years he devoted himself to raising the age of consent from sixteen to eighteen, and probably if he had been left alone he would have raised it to eighty. This session he is pounding away at compulsory voting, but in committee it only found three or four supporters and was bowled out. There are a number of good points about compulsory voting, and those disfranchised for six years, as was proposed, for not voting, would really have no cause of complaint for sickness or absence or other just cause would save them from the penalty. Those who are opposed on principle to voting at all would certainly not be injured, for the franchise could not be considered of any value to them. It would have prevented a great deal of corruption and would also have lessened the expense of candidates in sending teams to drag voters to the polls. No doubt it would have inflicted hardship on many people who live at a distance from a polling booth, but these cases would not be very numerous and would be looked upon leniently by the judge or officer in charge of the lists. The one objectionable element was the application of compulsion to free citizens. I could hardly see the force of the debate turning on a question of whether the franchise was a "right" or a "privilege." Mankind has a right to refuse to accept a privilege, and a privilege of refusing to exercise a right. The chief question is, Have the representatives of the people assembled in Parliament any right to coerce those individuals who take no interest in politics and whose votes would be almost meaningless? If we consider that it is the "duty" of a citizen to exercise his franchise we have a better reason for the use of compulsion. But even here the argument falls down, for there are many duties disregarded by both electors, parents and children which we have no business to insist upon by force or by the infliction of a penalty. For instance, the majority of people think it is a man's duty to go to church, yet if he omits going to church shall he be penalized by being refused entrance to a place of worship for six years? Compulsion is a dangerous thing; it is more apt to do harm than good, and if tried at all voting experiments should be made in a certain number of localities which, by a vote, agree to try it for the sake of political education and the general good.

THE City Council has decided by a vote of thirteen to seven that the new central Carnegie Library must be situated down town and not in the neighborhood of Queen's Park, as was proposed. This newspaper was the first to combat the idea of either dividing the library into two sections, reference and circulating, or moving any portion of it away from the district where it would be most accessible to those looking after either fact or fiction. I was never in sympathy with the acceptance of the Carnegie gift, which appears to have been asked for by some unknown person, but the large amount having been put at Toronto's disposal, it



MISS JESSIE MILLWARD

The Eminent English Actress Who Appears at the Princess Theater the Coming Week in R. C. Carton's New English Comedy, "A Clean Slate."

ever before seen it. If Great Britain refuses to discriminate in favor of Canadian grain and meat and does not promptly settle the French shore question of Newfoundland so that Confederation may be rounded up without importing a racial sore, the feeling in favor of independence will grow with a rapidity which will astound the Mother Country. If an all-Canadian railroad is built to the Yukon, Skagway and Dyea will become like Tyre and Sidon, a plague for the drying of nets, for they will do little or no business, their trade being almost entirely with the Yukon. With the feeling that Canada must be conciliated extending throughout Great Britain, preferential trade may be hastened, or the preference we are now giving to Great Britain withdrawn. We may be sure that under any circumstances Canada will make the best of a bad job, and that the national feeling which has been aroused will not be easily put to sleep.

THE only thing that in any degree reconciled Canadians to the award of the Alaska Commission was that it would permanently settle a long-standing irritation. Even this seems to be denied us by the latest reports. Senator Turner, in an interview, said, "The next thing to be done is for American and Canadian surveyors to mark the line 120 miles long between Patnium Glacier and Devil's Peak, which is not defined at present by the decision. I do not anticipate trouble." So all that has been given has practically been given in vain, and 120 miles of the boundary remains an open question. The United States will probably keep it an open question in order that it may be used to extort further concessions, perhaps in some other part of Canada, from so-called British diplomats. The fact that Senator Turner talks about "trouble" is significant. Probably before we know where we are we will be scrapping over this piece of territorial line and become involved in an as great embarrassment as that from which we felt we had been freed by Lord Alverstone's bountiful gift of our territory to Uncle Sam.

THE following short interview with President Roosevelt makes pleasant reading for Canadians who are writhing under the heel of the Alaskan award: "The decision is the greatest diplomatic victory of our time." He does not even pretend that it was a judicial decision, but acknowledges it as the result of those cunning and crooked negotiations known as diplomacy.

sacrifices all his early standards of faith and conduct. With this dreamer, his family, friends and enemies as dramatis personae, he has worked out a plot so novel in its outlines, so vivid in its coloring, and narrated with such vigor and eloquence as one rarely encounters in the fiction of the day. He has written a book that is a most curious mixture of realism and romance, and that exemplifies both the salient faults and merits of the modern newspaper style of literature. It is a book that in many respects might be attacked as erotic, but in its general tendencies it is certainly not immoral. The hero is a decadent and all the characters, with one or two exceptions, are men and women without a sense of humor and normally in a state of emotional excitement and instability which is unpleasant to witness. They are, moreover, people who have none too great respect for the seventh commandment. Indeed, the whole story is fleshly and smells of the flesh. Yet it is not this feature which commands attention so much as the social problems incidentally dealt with.

As I have said, the book is an arrangement of socialistic theory, and as such, though it may not be conclusive, it is decidedly suggestive. The adverse comments on this alleged political and social cure-all are put in the mouth of a cynical city banker, who has great power of concise and picturesque statement, with a certain grim humor of unique flavor, as witness the sentence he had carved on the oak mantel in his library: "I am an old man now; I've had lots of trouble, and most of it never happened." This may be taken as a fair example of the banker's epigrams, most of which are levelled, however, against the socialistic fad.

The main argument is that the triumph of socialism must inevitably destroy the monogamic family, because the family cannot exist apart from the idea of private property, and is the source of all monopolistic instincts. Children, under a socialistic system carried to its legitimate and logical limits, must belong to the State and be subject to the will of the whole community. Socialist writers generally have agreed that marriage, in crystallizing the sex relations of two individuals for life, irrespective of mutual attraction or repulsion, is an immoral state, which must be abolished before the reign of infallible justice can be ushered in. I do not for a moment suppose that the average theoretical socialist—the doctrinaire—here in Toronto for example—is conscious of a desire to break away from established customs and laws to the extent

would be decidedly unfair to the donor to split it up either to save the cost of branch libraries or to accommodate the student section to the disadvantage of the artisans, whom I imagine Mr. Carnegie proposed to benefit. Neither would it be in accordance with the spirit of the gift not to erect as handsome a building as possible as a monument to Mr. Carnegie's generosity, or whatever we feel disposed to call it. The City Hall Square, with our grand civic pile on one side and the Temple Building on another, is without doubt the proper site. The buildings already erected and those which would follow, together with the library, would make a magnificent group of which any city, no matter how large, might be proud. All our visitors go to see the City Hall, and we would have the most impressive architectural sight afforded by any Canadian city. Every argument that was used in advocating the old rookeries being torn down and turned into Victoria Square applies to the placing of the library in that location. It is to be hoped that whoever has the ultimate decision will not poke the library building into squalid surroundings or into some place where it will have to be visited as a special sight. That section of the city must shortly be rebuilt, and with the entrance to the Park, Osgoode Hall, and the fine structures which in course of time will be erected, must necessarily greatly beautify what is practically the center of the city. No great danger of fire need be feared if there is a large open space around the library, which would also be a breathing and resting spot where very shortly the greatest crush in the city will be found.

THE vigilance which we have to exercise in order to guard our municipal rights has to be even more unceasing than our watchfulness of those foreign aggressors who would like to steal piecemeal our national territory. Those who have charge of Toronto's business have to fight the Legislature least our valuable franchises be turned over to some corporation. When the Legislature adjourns the Mayor and Corporation Counsel must give their ears to the keyholes of the Ottawa committee-rooms to see that no conspiracy gets under way with the object of assisting corporations to put up a job with regard to local railways and other public necessities which will defeat the unanimous wish of the people of this city. After a hot fight the city thought it had won out in preventing the union of radial railways carrying freight with the city street railway, which would have brought our trolley lines under the Dominion law as being "for the general good of Canada." This would have prevented the city having an absolute right to dictate the terms as to its own street railway and would have probably resulted in our loss of the franchise which brings us in such a splendid monthly cheque, but later changes were made in the Act, and the Senate had to be looked after. Then we have to watch our aldermen, and our members of Parliament, and the Senate, and it would seem as if eternal vigilance was not only the price of liberty, but necessity if as a people we desire to keep our streets from becoming shunting-yards and our homes from being the property of the telephone, gas, or electrical companies. And truly with the private citizen trying to get rich suddenly and the corporations endeavoring to create and perpetuate a system of millionaires, the ordinary citizen who appreciates his situation continually feels that these "goblins" will get him if he don't watch out."

WHILE our cartoonist seems to have solved the perplexing problem of who will scrub the children if baths are introduced into some of the Public schools, a gentleman has suggested to me that the large swimming-bath at the Technical School might very well be utilized by large squads of children being taken there for a dip, and that a swimming master be provided to teach the urchins how to take care of themselves in the water. I know nothing of the size or condition of the tank, but certainly it would accommodate a number of the schools if not too far distant, particularly those in the lower part of "de ward," which is not far away. The suggestion is doubtless a good one, but I still retain my chief confidence in a child being kept reasonably clean by the teacher persuading untidy mothers to pursue the youngsters with a basin of water and a dab of soap. Probably the teachers will disagree with me, but I have a very strong belief in the necessity of the teacher knowing the home surroundings of each youngster whose dress and habits indicate neglectful parents. It would not consume very much time for the teacher to visit the home of each pupil, and a little kindly talk and possibly an example of how the youngster could be better kept would do more good than all the bathing which could be engineered in the basements of the school buildings.

Social and Personal.

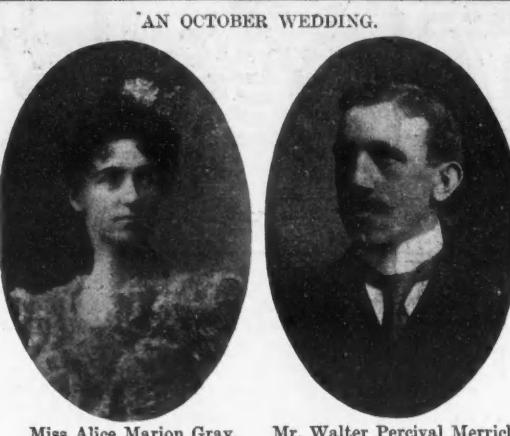
ON Thursday afternoon, on an ideal day, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark received for the first time in Government House. The skill and taste which have been lavished upon that historic mansion have resulted in such a bright transformation that everyone was quite charmed on Thursday. The boudoir, in faint rose draperies and palest blue paper, is made more beautiful by the valuable pictures and art treasures which have been brought from the Clark residence in Wellington street west, and the suite of drawing-rooms are transformed into a brilliant and yet homelike vista of beauty. A very large and exquisite marble, "Ruth Gleaning," which Mrs. Clark selected from Sommers' best gems in his studio at Rome some years ago, gleams white and pure against the soft glow of the curtains about half way down the first salon, and facing the statue on the opposite wall is a very fine oil painting. The center of the room was banked with a stand of ferns and several fauteuils, leaving a wide passage on either side and preventing lingering and crowding. His Honor stood beside Mrs. Clark, who wore an exquisite dress of white Brussels net figured in soft shades in sprays of foliage and flowers, and mounted on primrose silk. Miss Clark wore pastel pink satin foulard with small black figures; Miss Elise pale blue satin toulouard with flecks of white and belt of black velvet. Both handsome gowns had applications of fine ercu lace, and Mrs. Clark's gown was applied with exquisite black Chantilly. The beautiful day and the interest of a first reception combined with the personal esteem felt for our new Governor and his family, to swell the attendance, which was very large indeed. From the first salon into the second, a dream of a room of palest blue, and through the conservatory to the ballroom, the callers found their way, the strains of a band on the upper landing greeting them on their arrival and mingling with the melody of sonorous announcements and chatter and laughter. May the beauty of the outside world and the elegance and luxury of Government House on this first gala day be only a forecast of many bright years of occupancy for His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, was the hearty wish of their visitors. The terrace and lawn, even, carefully cleared as much as possible from the inevitable debris of autumn, was so green and bright that they almost tempted one to wish for a garden party instead of an indoor At Home. Mrs. Mortimer Clark will receive on Thursdays from four to six o'clock during the season. The reception was prolonged until half-past six on Thursday, as it was the first one, and necessarily most crowded.

Captain and Mrs. Gilpin Brown and their family arrived from a summer in England, recently. The captain left for Regina this week, but Mrs. Gilpin Brown and the children are to remain in town for a visit, the guests of Mrs. Brown's mother, Mrs. John Boulton. The Misses Hilda and Edith Boulton returned with them.

As a "by-by" to the bride-elect, Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins, her aunt, gave a tea for Miss Mary Edith Graham's young girl friends last Tuesday. The pretty home in College street, where Mrs. Aikins has had some of the prettiest teas on record, was bright with the flower of the autumn, yellow dahlias being used in decoration. The girls enjoyed the tea greatly and wished many good things for the bride-elect.

The Victoria Club ball, which was Friday's big event, came off with much eclat, and the hospitable annals of the rink have one more fine success added. The personnel of the Victoria Club has changed greatly since the days of its first dances, but the same spirit of genial and noble hospitality rules its doings. A number of lovely girls happen to be in town now, and many of them could not resist the first dance of the season. I regret not being able to do more than admire the decorations of the rink and the energy of the club men on the committee this week.

The marriage of Miss Mary Edith Graham, daughter of the late Dr. Graham, and Mr. Charles Perley Smith, took place in the Metropolitan Church, which was decorated with palms, on Thursday afternoon at half-past two. Such a bonnie day for a bridal is one of the weather man's best gifts, and the gathering of interested and handsomely gowned guests appreciated it as much as the sweet and happy bride. Miss Graham has



AN OCTOBER WEDDING.

Miss Alice Marion Gray. Mr. Walter Percival Merrick.

train. Mrs. Creelman has benefited greatly from the European trip, and is looking forward to a busy and happy season of chaperonage.

Mr. and Mrs. Perceval Ridout and their daughter and son left Toronto on Tuesday afternoon at 5.20 for Europe, via New York. A large number of friends assembled to bid them bon voyage on Sunday afternoon in the beautiful salon of Closeburn, when Lady Kirkpatrick, looking radiant in a most becoming black gown, finished with a very fetching little affair of white lace and delicate pink panne on the bodice, received in her own delightful way. No matter how gloomy the day, Closeburn is the brightest of rendezvous and last Sunday the sunshine without was not brighter than the glow of electric lights, while everyone was in good spirits, though regretting the raison d'être of their coming, pour dire adieu to Mr. and Mrs. Ridout. Mrs. Ridout looked very well indeed in a pale blue brocade with touches of black velvet and full white chiffon puffed sleeves, quite a revival of the mode of our grandmothers. Mr. Ridout, ever smiling and debonair, equally to the oldest well-wisher, the smartest belle and the shyest girl the perfect cavalier, received his share of the good wishes.

During her girlhood gone in strongly for culture and study and has had the advantage of foreign travel. She is a very charming companion, full of intelligence, and has the admiration and love of a very nice circle. The bride wore a trained gown of Liberty satin and chiffon, with Brussels lace veil, a family heirloom, and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley. Her maids-of-honor were her sisters, Miss Graham and Miss Lucille Graham, and Miss Darling of Schenectady, who wore white accordion dresses of crepe de soie, white beaver hats with curling ostrich plumes, and carried sheaves of red and white roses tied with sashes of crimson tulle on which were fastened red roses. Two perfectly lovable little flower girls, with white frocks and shepherdess crooks twined with crimson roses, led the bride's procession. The best man was Mr. James Macdonald, and the ushers were Dr. W. Goldie, Dr. Arthur Wright, Mr. W. G. Gau and Mr. H. Schell. Rev. Dr. Cleaver, assisted by Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, performed the ceremony, after which a reception was held at the home of the bride's mother, 583 Church street. Mrs. Graham, in her elegant black gown, and Princess Bonnet touched with jet and tulle, received, and farther on, amid flowers and green, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, looking most happy, received the good wishes of their friends. The little shepherdesses were admired by everyone. The blonde was Miss Mary Aikins of Winnipeg and the brunette was Miss Dorothy Fairweather. After the reception a dainty dejeuner was served, and the bride, being blindfolded, placed a wreath on the head of one of her bridesmaids, I may not tell which.

A ball is on the tapis for November 26, to be held at McConkey's in aid of the Western Hospital. The ladies' committee are of the right sort, and they are doing everything to ensure the success of the dance. A choice orchestra has been engaged and the affair will, without doubt, go off with great eclat.

On Thanksgiving Day Mrs. Gordon Osler gave a small and "comfortable" tea to a few of her friends, at her beautiful home in Cluny avenue. It was quite small, the sort of tea of which one says "just enough chairs," and sinks down into one of them in unwanted comfort. Everyone admired Mrs. Osler's charming manège, and I hear the babies are most attractive small folks.

Mrs. Timmerman gave another tea this week, when an equally pleasant party with that of last week assembled in her home in Sherbourne street.

Mr. Benedict was in town this week. Mr. Charles Willmott, who has been on a most venturesome and extended trip into the terra incognita of Northern Canada, and caught fish that must be seen to be credited, has returned delighted with his trip. Mr. and Mrs. Willmott were in town this week.

A visitor who is being made much of during her visit in Toronto, which began some weeks ago, is Mrs. Charlie O'Connor of Ottawa, who is looking sweetly pretty and finds out that her old friends, who loved and admired her as winning May Hughes, are still as loyal as ever.

A very distinguished list of patrons have been good enough to lend their names and influence to the successful introduction of the English entertainer, Mr. Clifford Walker, on Thursday evening, October 29th, in Association Hall. Among those who have promised their patronage are His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Sweatman, Lady Kirkpatrick, Lady Mulock, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Harry Osborne, Mrs. George A. Cox, Mrs. Walter S. Andrews, Mrs. F. Cockburn Clemow, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. George Allen Case, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. George Dickson and Mrs. Frederick Law.

Mrs. Frederick Law's big tea this afternoon is the most important social function, and will fit in very easily after the Dante lecture. Commander and Mrs. Law have taken a good deal of interest in Mr. Clifford Walker, who brought letters of introduction to them, and he will have the pleasure of meeting Toronto's most charming people at the reception today. Both from the cordiality of the hosts and the interest of their handsome home, the tea this afternoon will be unusually pleasant.

Mrs. Armstrong Black received at the Manse on Thursday for the first time this season. Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black and Master Ian are all very much the better for their quiet and healthful sojourn during the summer at their country residence east of Lorne Park. Miss Bell received with her on Thursday.

Senator Melvin-Jones came home from Ottawa the beginning of last week, suffering from a sharp attack of neuralgia, which grew so acute that Mrs. Melvin-Jones, who was away, was sent for and returned to nurse him. The senator's complaint settled in the right shoulder, and his sufferings had to be dulled with opiates.

Mrs. Fiske's luncheon for Mrs. Hector Mackenzie on Wednesday was a very delightful and smart affair, such as Chudleigh is noted for. Among the ladies were the guest of honor and her hostess, Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. Harry Osborne, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. Byron Walker, and Mrs. Hammond. Deep roses in crystal stands were used prettily to decorate the table.

Mrs. Charles Godfrey has returned to Atlanta, Georgia, after a long and pleasant sojourn in Canada. On Saturday Miss Helen Dick asked some friends for tea to wish Mrs. Godfrey "au revoir" until the warm weather drives her back to us next summer.

The Woman's Exchange, 47 King street west, purpose holding their annual rummage sale at St. Andrew's Institute, Nelson street, on the 30th and 31st of October, and will be very grateful for contributions sent there on either of those days, or to Mrs. Hodgins, 92 Pembroke street, any time before those dates.

On next Friday evening the graduating exercises of the nurses' training class take place in the theater of the General Hospital at eight o'clock. A reception in the nurses' residence follows the exercises, where as usual a pleasant hour will be enjoyed by their guests and well-wishers.

Mr. Sandford Smith's engagement to Miss Malloch of Ottawa has caused many congratulations to find their way to this popular young man.

It was very regrettable that an attack of tonsillitis should have interfered with Mrs. Harry Bourlier's proposed reception on Monday. Mrs. Bourlier is quite better and will receive on Monday next.

Mrs. T. K. MacKeand of Chatham spent a few days in town last week, returning home on Saturday.

Mrs. F. Cockburn Clemow of Ottawa is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Capron Brooke, at the Avonmore. Mrs. Clemow was at the Melba concert and also saw Mrs. Langtry's performance at the Princess, besides being entertained by various friends.

Mrs. O'Hara and Miss Kathleen O'Hara of Chatham have come to Toronto and are, I hear, to be on pension here during the season.

Mrs. Ramsay Wright's tea yesterday was in honor of some of the "Everyman" company, and her friends greatly appreciated the pleasure of seeing these delightful and cultured people.

The marriage of Mr. Severn Scadding of Richmond, Va., youngest brother of Dr. Crawford Scadding of Toronto, and Miss Ethel Gray, daughter of Mrs. R. H. Gray of 515 Huron street, will take place in St. Augustine's Church on November 4th.

On Monday evening a St. George street host is giving a dinner at which Mr. Clifford Walker is to be the guest of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Osmund Cayley have taken rooms for the winter at Mrs. Wyllie's in Ciel street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Howard have settled at No. 131 Madison avenue, where Mrs. Howard received on Thursday and yesterday.

Mrs. Andros of Port Hope, who has been spending a few days in town, returned home yesterday.

Mrs. Florence Baird, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. David Campbell, in Montreal, will return home this week.

Mrs. George W. Gouinlock receives on the first and fourth Fridays at her new home, 37 Walmer road.

Mrs. S. H. Janes receives on Mondays after November 1st.

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Mrs. John McArthur of 400 Bloor street west, and her family, are en pension at 648 Church street, and Mrs. and the Misses McArthur receive next month and during the season on the first and second Mondays.

Miss Edith Wilson of Winnipeg, who is with Miss M. McDermid, 43 Avenue road, for a few days, sails for England shortly, to spend the winter with Mrs. Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Forsyth have removed to 369 Markham street. Mrs. Forsyth receives on Fridays in November, and afterwards on the first Friday only in each month.

Mrs. George A. Morrow (nee Graham) will receive for the first time since her marriage next Wednesday, October 28, at her home, 170 East Roxborough street, both afternoon and evening.

The engagement of Miss Lillian Eva Payne, daughter of Mr. W. L. Payne of Maplehurst, Coborne, and Mr. W. Lacey Amy of Toronto is announced.

The golfers have been luxuriating in the most lovely golfing days, such as make one dread the near approach of winter. On Monday there were a lot of ladies out all the afternoon over the Hunt Club and Toronto Club links—the 5:30 car into town being quite the golfers' car. Some of those out on Monday at the two clubs were Mrs. Vere Brown, Miss Muriel Macdougall, Miss Evelyn Cox, Mrs. Burritt, Mrs. Bolte, the Misses Thompson and their beautiful guest, Miss Cambie, Mrs. and the Misses Elwood and their guests, Miss Gladys Burton and Mr. Harris, one of the Royal Artillery Company; Mr. and Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson, Mr. Clifford Walker, Miss Yarker, Colonel Field, and many others. The cosy five-o'clock at the Hunt Club, when the huge wood fire in the wide hearth crackles and glows, is one of the most charming hours of the autumn, and many are the merry laughs and jokes flying about as the tea parties gather for this delightful reunion.

On Tuesday the Toronto Golf Club was bright and busy, for those good players and rattling good company, the Hamilton ladies' team, with their club president, Mrs. Jack Hendrie, visited and played the home team, who entertained the golfers at luncheon and were afterwards inhospitable enough to beat them on the links.

The Aides' Cup was much admired by the guests at the Toronto Hunt Club, and will, I believe, be the prize of the best "good one" in the cross-country point-to-point steeplechase arranged for to-day.

Mrs. Fiske gave a very pretty luncheon at Chudleigh on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Hector MacKenzie, who is visiting Mrs. Reeves. During the afternoon many of Mrs. Fiske's friends came in for tea and enjoyed a bright hour with so charming a hostess and surroundings as Chudleigh is noted for.

Mrs. MacMahon gave a luncheon yesterday in honor of Mrs. Hector MacKenzie, which was a very smart and perfectly arranged affair.

Mrs. Charles Parsons gave a tea on Thursday at her residence in St. Vincent street, in honor of her daughter, Mrs. La Fete, who is home on a visit.

Mrs. Harry Corby and Miss Corby of Belleville are visiting Mrs. Shedd Laidlaw at her home in Bedford road. Mrs. Laidlaw gave a pretty informal tea yesterday, affording her friends the pleasure of meeting her mother and sister. Mr. Laidlaw is away on business for a few weeks, during which time Mrs. and Miss Corby will keep Mrs. Laidlaw from being lonely.

Many a much-tried telephoner would bless the authorities of the Bell Telephone Toronto office if they would change "Park" to "West" in the district call. Three times this morning I have said as distinctly as my larynx will allow "North" and been complacently shunted out to the western suburb by Central, who says it is a frequent occurrence owing to the similarity of the sounds. It's not much to ask. Please, may we not say "West."

Mrs. Ramsay Wright gave a tea at her apartments in the St. George yesterday afternoon, at which some of the clever people from the Ben Greet company were the guests of honor. A critic from Ottawa writes that he found Miss Wynn Matheson the most charming and intelligent artist he has met in years, and to all of us in Toronto his opinion carries the endorsement of personal experience.

A very pretty Varsity function is the "Autumn Tea," given by the lady students in the east hall. The Woman's Literary Society issues the invitations, and the tea is the daintiest autumn celebration, with decorations unique and artistic, which can be imagined. The ladies receive from four to six o'clock.

Mrs. MacCallum (nee McMaster), whose marriage took place quite recently, returned from her honeymoon, and held her post-nuptial receptions this week. Thursday, yesterday and last evening being the time selected for her friends to call. Mrs. McMaster received with her daughter, and the bridesmaids assisted at the tea-table, which was brightly done in deep red dahlias and red ribbons to match. Mrs. MacCallum wore her beautiful robe des noces, and the bridesmaids their wedding attendant dresses, making a charming reception.

Mrs. Dignam, the president of the Woman's Art Association of Ontario, has been paying a little visit to Mrs. Maude at Rideau Cottage, Ottawa, and, like every guest of that delightful lady, enjoyed her stay exceedingly. Mrs. Maude asked some friends to tea to meet Mrs. Dignam during her visit.

Mrs. Law is giving a big tea this af-

ternoon at her home in Sherbourne street.

Mrs. G. Clarke Wilkinson (nee Long) will hold her post-nuptial reception next Wednesday, October 28th, at her home, 178 Arthur street, from 4 to 10 p.m., and will afterwards receive on the second Thursday in each month.

Miss Editha Hirst is leaving on November 6th for California, and will receive with her sisters, Mrs. J. Smart Whyte and Miss Blanche Hirst, on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, November 3rd and 4th, at 48 Homewood avenue.

Mrs. E. R. Wood will receive at "Wymwood," Queen's Park, on the first Tuesday and Wednesday of each month, commencing in December.

Mrs. W. S. Kerman will be at home at 10 Maple avenue, Rosedale, on the first Monday and first Thursday in the month, on and after November 1st.

Mrs. John De Gruchy received for the first time in her new home, 78 Delaware avenue, on Thursday, and will be at home each first and fourth Thursdays during the season.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated on Thanksgiving Day at Rosedale, Whitby, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George V. Martin, when their daughter Madeline Louise was married to Mr. Frederick Norman Coome of Millbrook. A beautiful arch of chrysanthemums had been arranged in the drawing-room, under which the wedding ceremony was performed by the Rev. Vernon Emory, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Cade. The bride's gown was of white cotonne over taffeta, with a berthe of

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WITH A VIEW to a selection of Christmas Gifts later, you will find an inspection of our stock now fruitful of many valuable suggestions.

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Brussels point, veil and orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses, and wore a hoop of pearls, the gift of the groom. She was attended by her sister, Miss Lydia Martin, as maid of honor, in a sun-pleated gown of pale yellow silk; Miss Charlotte Cade of Toronto, who wore white cotonne over taffeta, with touches of yellow, and Miss Florence Wells of New York, in a pale yellow silk crepe brought from Cairo, Egypt, for the occasion. All carried bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums, and wore crescents of pearls, gifts from the groom. The groomsman was the bridegroom's brother, Mr. Walter Coome of Millbrook. Mr. Victor Martin and Mr. Herbert Armstrong acted as ushers. The bride's away gown was of castor broadcloth, with a chenille picture hat to match.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dickenson are now settled at 607 Sherbourne street, where Mrs. Dickenson and her daughter, Miss Mae, will receive on the last Monday in this month (October 26th), and afterwards on the first two Mondays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Drew Smith are on penance in D'Arcy street.

On the evening of October 13, in the schoolhouse of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Bloor street east, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sparks of Forest road, Rosedale, were made the recipients of some very substantial tokens of the esteem and respect in which they are held by the choir, and choir, on the occasion of Mr.

Sparks' retirement from the leadership of the choir, which he has very successfully conducted for the past twelve years. Mr. Horace Boulbee, in a very neat speech, presented them on behalf of the choir with a beautiful solid oak music cabinet and a handsome Morocco-bound address, while the Rev. Professor H. J. and Mrs. Codou supplemented this with an elegant silver coffee set. The schoolhouse was beautifully decorated for the occasion by the ladies of the choir, and after the presentation several excellent speeches and musical selections were given and refreshments were served.

Mrs. Law is giving a big tea this af-

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EUCHRED. An Auld Body's Story.

For "Saturday Night."
BY JETNA.

WELL, I'm an auld body now, and the story I'm going to tell you happened long years ago, but it's a' fresh and clear still in my memory.

I was born and brought up in a quiet Scotch country village. I was never bothered much with book larnin' by my folks, but I was a great one for gardenin', and the flowers I reared in our bit place—the country was proud o' them. I've heard tell the Scotch are considered unco' guid gardeners. My father was, an' he taught me. When he died our home had to be given up, and I went as nurse to Lord Grosvenor's two little daughters, up at the big house, remaining on as ladies' maid to them when they grew up.

They theet a lot o' me; deed they did, for I was a grand hand at the hair-dressing. Then, I was young and good-looking, though ye woudn't think so now. Seems to me an awfu' peety that youth and beauty go as time rolls on. But rich folks keep their looks in a wonderful manner nowadays, I'm thinkin'. Ay! Money can work wonders.

My young ladies were the bonniest in the whole countryside, especially Lady Marjorie. Her face was a garden; there were roses and lilies in it, and forget-me-nots lay in her eyes. Lady Sybil was dark—kind o' haughty like—a gallant girl. All the paint an' powder they used was good soap an' cold water. As for "switches" and "transformations," and these kind o' heathenish get-ups I whites hear tell of those days, they didna even know the name o' them. Their hair was that thick and long I had hard work to dress it and keep it in good order.

We didna lead a very gay life. Lord Grosvenor was a bit cranky, and couldna be fashed wi' company.

The big house was a fine place; old-fashioned, with turrets and towers and lattice windows, an' it was fair smothered with rich old ivy. The swallows would dart in and out o' the overhanging eaves, an' on a bright summer's morning, well, seems to me that merely to live in such a place was a kind o' education of itself—it was all so interesting!—a story book, I aye thought. And the garden!—with its high boxwood hedges; and every kind o' color was blazin' there, not prim-like, as the generally favor, but just all here and there, and everywhere them sweet, well-known flowers, an' that's the kind for me; though orchids and fashionable blooms get more talked about, an' are used at weddings and that now, I believe.

Often the young ladies would pop down to the housekeeper's room of an evening to have "a crack" wi' me. I'd sew my patch quilt or knit "cosies" as we called them—cross-over things to wear in winter against the cold. I'd tell them stories my father had told us, of their ancestors, an' whiles I'd sing to them or read their fortunes in a tea-cup. There was always a lover in Lady Marjorie's; with him she was to ride away. But she'd pout and sigh at that—they lived over quiet, she said, for the fairy prince to find her.

But the fairy godmother appeared, anyway, shortly after that, and carried them off in a fine yellow chariot with a "rumble" behind for the footman to sit in. They went to London—principally to call on the Queen, and be introduced to her Majesty an' kiss her hand. And then their aunt got the fine English folk to invite them to balls and gay doings. I warrant ye, my young laddies took the shine out o' the others, wi' their natural beauty and winning ways.

When the "season," as they called it, was over they returned, and my! the grand clothes were a sight; and their mother's jewels had been divided between them—pearls and all kinds of precious stones, fit for the Queen o' Sheba.

Lord Grosvenor entertained a good bit after, an', of course, did it well. We had fine times.

I never lippened to the gossip I heard about handsome gentlemen comin' courtin' my mistress. "Time'll tell," says I to myself, an' ye won't find me gabbin' round.

But I had seen one comin' gey often—a tall, dark, black-eyed Sir Something or other, and 'twas Lady Marjorie he was keepin' company with, for he'd send her such beautiful flowers—orchids and the like. Now and then she'd wear them in her bonny brown hair in the evenings, but I liked it best snooded with a blue ribbon, just in its ordinar'. I told her so, an' she laughed, an' says she, "So do I!" But weel I kent that laugh wasna frae the heart.

Some time after Lord Grosvenor told me his youngest daughter was to be married ere long to a very wealthy English baronet. I thought it sort o' queer she had never said a word tae me about it.

Then a few days later Lord Grosvenor had an attack of sky-sky—a kind of rheumatism, anyway (an' I hope ye'll kindly excuse my poor way o' expressing myself, for it's awfu' hard to keep the Scotch words frae slipping out, now an' again). Well, he went up to London to consult a famous doctor. That evening Lady Madge, as we often called her, came down to see me.

She looked a bit worried like, an' her pretty color seemed leaving her. I saw something troubled her; she kept pushing a magnificent diamond ring up and down on her finger.

"Sing me something, Nursie," (for they'd nicknamed me that), says she. "Some o' your old Scotch songs." So I gave her all my cheery ones, "The Laird o' Cockpen," an' "A Hundred Pipers," an' "Within a Mile o' Edinboro Town." And then she says, "Sing 'Jock o' Hazeldene,'" an' when I cam' to the words, "A chain o' gold, we shall not lack nor braid to bind your hair," what did she do but fling the glittering ring away off her finger, where it fel ahint—I mean behind—the tall old clock, with a "clink."

"Let it lie!" she cried. "I hate it!" and wi' that she threw her arms about me an' sobbed out, "Oh! Ebrie! Ebrie!" (that's short for Elizabeth, for that was my name) "I'm so unhappy! Was ever girl more miserable?"

I soothed her as if she'd been my ain bairn. An' then, bit by bit, out it all came. "I've been weak, and vain, and he flattered me," she said. "I gave him my troth—he is enormously rich, and

father urged me to accept him, though something in my heart whispered 'No.' Auntie says father has lost money lately, and that Sir Francis Anstruther has been generous and kind, and that I am so lucky to have secured such an eligible "part"—these were the very words."

"He may be eligible," says I, "but there's baith thunder an' lightning in yon black eyes, an' he's no the man for you, if that's what eligible means;" an' I spoke up quite bold-like.

"I don't love him," she kept repeating, "though I've tried to, for father's sake."

"Of course ye don't, dearie," I said then, "for ye canna love two men at the same time."

"And wi' that she gave me a frightened look, an' her cheeks turned pale as the gown she wore; for full well I knew that the young squire whose place lay a mile aboon the crossroads, was "cracked" about our bonny young leddy.

"You're a wonderfu' woman," she says, "for you never gossip, yet you find everythin' out." An' my! I felt proud. An' I told her that the squire was the brawest an' caaintest young man that ever rode a horse, and that brought a smile to her face, just like the sun on a woodland flower.

"He sold out of his regiment for my sake," says she, "but he was afraid to ask me to 'buckle to' (that means marry in high English) for he was not rich. He was too proud to speak, but the other evening at the 'gathering' somehow he couldn't help himself—and so—and so—"

I kent her people would think it a poor match for the like o' her, with her beauty and pedigree—besides having taken tea wi' the Queen, an' kissed her hand an' all that. I asked her plump and plain whatever made her lippen to the other, and she bridled her swanlike neck and made answer that I couldn't understand these things and mauns try to. I didna try to, for I'm one o' these folk who ne'er reach their hand out further than they can draw it back, an' these things beat me. She had met her true lover once or twice secretly, but when I begged her to confess all she trembled like an aspen leaf, an' said she was afraid, an' I mustn't betray her. Dear, dear! what was to be the end o' it all!

After that things were quiet. Lord Grosvenor was uncommonly good-tempered, and gey pleased at his daughter's approaching marriage, which was to be in spring.

The puir lamb would often come ben to my room. She was a slender scrap of a lassie, but ilka time I saw her she was thinner and paler. "An," says I to myself, "wae's me!"

When the spring time set in I used to feel a queer sink-sinkin' o' the heart. I'd jump at my ain shadow, an' I couldn't sleep. So I went over to my auntie's, to change the doctor said, an' Nursie took my place for a wee while.

I mind fine the day I went: the hedge were all sprouting fresh and green, an' the caller air was frae the west, an' I kept humming "O' a' the airts the wind can blow," for my heart seemed lighter. My mither aye used to say, "Changes are lightsome." And they are.

There was a sturdy thorn tree, then thick w' blossom, said to mark the border line betwixt England and Scotland, an' when I cam' to that (it was just a mile and a bittock from the big house), the words, "She's ower the border an' awa'" got into my head, and I sang them over and over again. It's kind o' queer when—but ye'll see how it all turned out.

My auntie was an invalid, an' maist always upstairs in her room. Such a bonny cottage! as sweet and clean as could be—its plot in front full of wallflowers, and sweet-william, and wall-flowers, and dusty millers, and bachelors buttons, when the summer came. And we had beeives, too. Then, inside, it was that quaint, like a pictur, with its wide old window seats, and the ingle-nook to sit by o' an evening, and the chintz curtains, blue and white convolvulus trailing over them, dim with many washings; an' the old brown jug on the mantelpiece, with father's ale mug beside it. Ay! picturs like that are ne'er forgotten.

Ofttimes Lady Madge would drive or walk over and see me, and have tea oot o' the willow pattern cups she'd sic a fancy for. Once he rode over wi' her. She looked so handsome in her blue cloth riding-habit an' plumed hat! She was keen to come in, but when she gey timidly said she was thirsty, he hurried her away. I noticed the blitheness was gone from her voice and the sunshine frae her face.

Two days afore the wedding she came to bid me good-bye. I wasna strong enough to go to the big house for the grand doings, though I was pickin' up fine.

She'd come through the woods, an' her tunie was full o' yellow primroses she had plucked. An' there was a big bunch stuck in her broad-brimmed hat. She looked like an angel, in her soft white tamboured muslin, only that angels have no occasion to wear hats or crinolines.

"Haste to the wedding," says I, sort o' joking-like, an' she said nothing; but she began to deck up the room wi' the primroses till it looked quite gay and bridal like. "See, Nursie!" she cried, an' though she smiled bravely there were tears in her voice and in her eyes, though I didna take notice, an' her face was workin' so I felt fear'd for her. My ain lips were tremblin'.

Then we had some oat cakes and honey, bit it was pitiful to be cheery for she was makin' to be cheery.

"What's that?" says she, suddenly, putting down her glass o' buttermilk (she was aye fond o' buttermilk). I told her "that" was what we called a box-bed—some folks ca' it a "press-bed." It's just built into the wall, like a closet or "press," as Scotch people say for cupboard. It's a queer bit o' furniture, an' looks like part o' the wainscotting. It has folding doors, which stand open at night for air, ye ken, an' the mattress rests on a shelf just as lang as the press. The pillows are abint short print curtains. (There's a braw one in the cottage o' "Robbie Burns"—I've seen it.) There's a small press, with shelves for dishes or anything, at the outside

end o' that, which opens intil the passageway of course.

To this day the scent o' primroses brings back tae me the look on her face as she whispered, "Would be a good hiding-place, Ebrie." As sure's death, 'twas no helpin' hand she got frae me, as far as thinkin' went, but I couldna help myself saying, "Graund!" an' an' I've never been sorry for it.

Weel, I saw the presents. My! they were fit for the Princess Royal—fair wonderfu', but my Lady Marjorie didna think much aboot them.

The Scotch are unco' superstitious, an' I'm a firm believer in dreams an' signs, though whiles there's naething in them. However, what happened after this confirms me (as the meenisters say) in my Spike.

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The night before the weddin' there was a big ball up at the house, an' I was sittin' up thinkin' how I'd like fine to have seen them dance the "Reel o' Tulloch."

About twelve o'clock I heard a hurried step, an' then—my sakes! My heart went pit-a-pat, for there came a low tap at the window, where the can't was burning. I threw down the sock I was knitting (I mind it was o' heather mixtur' fingering), an' I heard, "Reel o' Hazeldeene," an' then she laughs kind o' slyly—for I'm thinkin' she kens an auld body's story.

I must be stoppin', an' I'll only add that when a true and gallant gentleman came for his bride he found her—and she, her heart's desire.

And Miss Marjorie, that's their eldest daughter (her mither's livin' image), she oftentimes comes an' has a crack wi' me, as my lady used to. I'm going down the hill noo, an' it cheers me, ye see. Gey often she'll say, "Ebrie, sing me 'Jock o' Hazeldeene,'" an' then she laughs kind o' slyly—for I'm thinkin' she kens an auld body's story.

se'l—no quite sterling," an' I sneekit an' bolted the door. And then—

There's no muckle mair to tell. Seems to me now, when I look back on my long life, I've seen a good deal of sadness an' mirth too, but I dinna think I ever laughed as heartily as when I shut that door abint Sir Francis Anstruther. My certie! but I laughed till the tears ran down my face. Maybe it was wicked—ye see, 'twas the way we two had outwitted him that tickled me. My conscience was clear, though—folks like him dinna die for love for others—they're ower fond o' themselves. An' siller?—

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



Curious Bits of News.

At a recent London wedding in high life, instead of pelting the bride and groom with showers of rice, miniature shoes and little horseshoes, made of silver paper, were thrown after them.

A strange freak was found in Vineyard Haven harbor this summer by a young woman who was in bathing. She saw a bottle on the bottom and dove for it. When it was brought to the surface it was found to contain a live lobster far too large to have crawled through the neck of the bottle. It is supposed that it got into the trap when it was a little fellow and was unable to find its way out, but how it got food enough to grow on is a mystery.

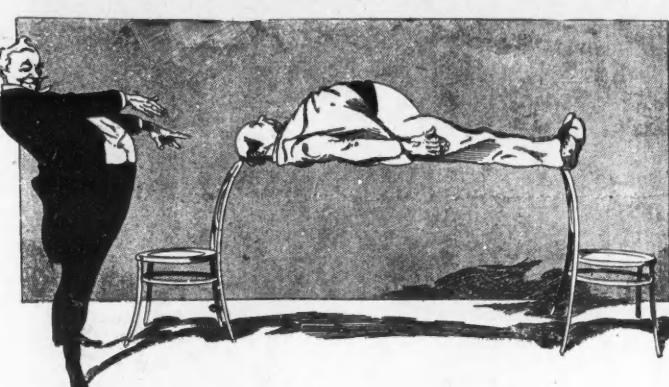
To be married three times to the same person is probably a unique experience. It was the fate of a lady who died the other day at Hamilton, Ont. Her first marriage, in Scotland, was a runaway affair. She was re-married to her husband when they reached Canada—for safety's sake. In time they both found their way back, and the third marriage was undertaken to please the lady's parents, who had become reconciled to the husband. It should be added that the husband pre-deceased the lady.

The most singular forest growth in the world is encountered in the Falkland Islands, a dismal region constantly swept by a strong polar wind. What appears to be weather-worn and moss-covered boulders are scattered about, and when one of these curious objects is seized in an attempt to overturn it strong roots are found to hold it down, these "boulders" being, in fact, native trees which the wind has forced to assume this shape. The wood appears to be a twisted mass of fibres almost impossible to cut up into fuel.

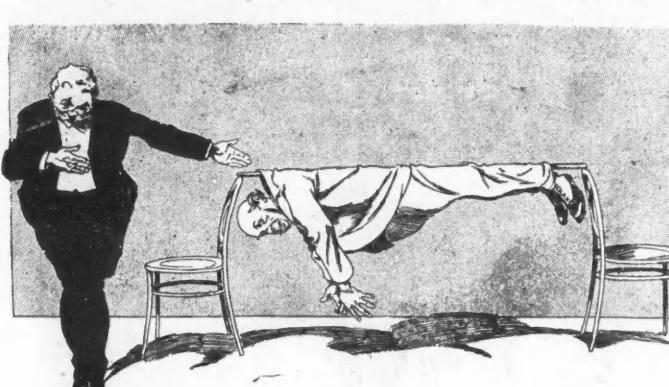
One of the greatest artistic marvels of the world is to be seen in the museum at Harvard University. This curiosity consists of hundreds of specimens of flowers and plants formed of glass, but with such exquisite fidelity to Nature that they appear to be real, every tint and marking, every tiniest detail, being faithfully reproduced. They are made by a secret process, the artist being a father and son in Germany, who, it is said, may let their secret die with them. As an instance of the wonderful workmanship it may be mentioned that the very hairs which appear on the stems on certain plants are reproduced on the glass imitations.

Turkey has a race suicide question, despite the provisions which the Prophet Mohammed made against that contingency. Fifty years ago the rule among Turks was to marry young and to espouse several wives, and as a rule families were correspondingly large. Now all this is changed. Marriages are late, and in the enormous majority of cases are monogamous, while families are becoming small to a degree which has alarmed the Government. The Sultan has recently promulgated an irade on the subject, abolishing much of the expensive display connected with Turkish marriage, and condemning present tendencies as threatening to depopulate the empire.

Mesmerism Up to Date.



"With the aid of my mesmeric influence I put the subject into a hypnotic sleep, causing him to remain rigid, supported only by the backs of the chairs—



—as you can all plainly see."—"Jud ge."

Varied Career of a Novelist.

Here is the fragment of autobiography which Maxime Gorky, the Russian novelist, immediately put upon paper the other day when his publisher asked him for some of the facts of his career:

1873—I became an apprentice to a shoemaker.

1879—I entered a draughtsman's office as apprentice.

1880—Kitchen-boy on board a packet boat.

1883—I worked at a baker's.

1884—I became a street porter.

1886—Chorister in a traveling opera company.

1887—I sold apples in the streets.

1888—I attempted suicide.

1890—A lawyer's copying clerk.

1891—I made the tour of Russia on foot.

1892—I worked in a railway shop. In the same year I published my first story.

Fond Mother (who is sure the visitor would like to hear her infant prodigy on the violin)—Johnnie is so far advanced that now we can almost tell whether he is tuning or playing.—"Punch."

"Well, I think I made an impression on her anyway," said the automobile enthusiast, as he glanced back at the fair young woman lying in the road.—Chicago "Record-Herald."

"Why should I give this man a position?" said the Sultan of Turkey. "Because he may be very useful in an emergency," answered the grand vizier; "he knows how to say 'We apologize' in every modern language."—Washington "Star."

"Don't you think the amusements of many society people are very nonsensical?" "Sometimes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but not as nonsensical as the amusements of those people who amuse themselves by imagining how society people amuse themselves."—Washington "Star."

The Canada Law Book Company has issued the fifth edition of Mr. A. H. O'Brien's digest of the Ontario Fish and Game Laws. This is a synopsis of the whole law, both Dominion and Provincial, affecting the animals, birds and fish of Ontario, alphabetically arranged. It embraces all statutes and orders-in-Council in force on September 28, 1903, and is indispensable to followers of the rod and gun. Paper copies sell at 25 cents and cloth-bound copies at 50 cents.

"Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, will be published this month by the Copp, Clark Company (Limited). The following is an extract from the author's preface to the book: "In addition to my desire to write a real story of a real pirate I was actuated by another intent. There are numberless tales of the brave days of the Spanish Main, from 'Westward Ho!' down. In every one of them the hero is a noble, gallant descendant of the Anglo-Saxon race, while the villain is always a proud and haughty Spaniard who comes to grief in the final issue. My sympathies have gone out to the under Don! I determined to write a story with a Spanish gentleman for the hero, and a Spanish gentlewoman for the heroine, and let the position of villain be filled by one of our own race. Therefore I have chronicled with pleasure the love affairs of the gallant Alvarado and the beautiful Mercedes."

The November number of the "Smart Set" opens with a novelette by Cyrus Townsend Brady, entitled "The Corner in Coffee," in which this distinguished author appears at his best, both as to form and substance. The story is a narrative of love and business mingled, wherein Wall street appears as the battlefield of Cupid. Dr. Brady's admirable literary style adds to the reader's delight in the plot and characters.

The Montreal "Gazette" announced that Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal will present specially bound copies of Dr. Morgan's sumptuous work, "Types of Canadian Women," to their Majesties the King and Queen and to several of the royal princesses. His lordship will at the same time invite the King's attention to Dr. Morgan's suggestion, as outlined in his introduction, for the institution of a special order or decoration for colonial women. "This suggestion," says the "Gazette," "is one which will have the support of every good and loyal subject throughout the Empire."

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Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Smart Society.

Mrs. de Flashe (to the Major, who is telling a short story)—Er, major, but don't you think you ought to tell this story in a little lower tone of voice?

It seems a little risqué, and the young lady on the other side might overhear you. The Major—Gad, madam—she has just told the yarn to me!"

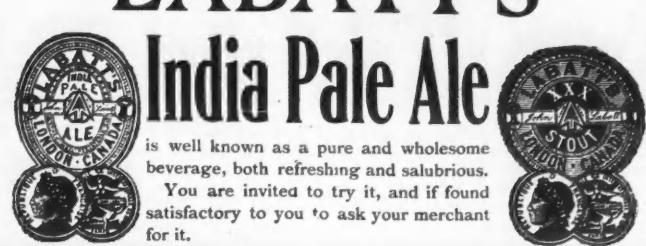
Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your case which you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address is Lynn, Mass.

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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Vol. 15 TORONTO, CANADA, OCT. 24, 1903. No. 50



MR. BEN GREET, in his address before the Canadian Club this week on the drama as it is to-day, was very suggestive along certain lines, but in the main his remarks were inconclusive and valueless. Mr. Greet would like to see Canada more independent of the United States in theatrical matters. Also he would like to see Canada produce a Shakespeare or Sheridan. A country making such progress as ours should produce a drama all its own, he thought. This is all very well as an after-dinner pipe-dream, but where is the practical value of such talk? It is like the frantic call for a Canadian literature which used to be heard a few years since. A man by taking thought cannot add a cubit to his stature, and neither can a people. Shakespeares and Sheridans spring spontaneously from the right conditions; they are born, not made. The United States, with all its wealth and a growing leisured and cultured class, has not yet produced a great dramatist. It is absurd to expect such a thing of Canada, while the energies of our people are even more absorbed in material affairs. There is an embarrassment of riches in the material which Canadian history would afford for dramatic treatment. We ought to have a few good political or military plays, drawn from the annals of Canada, but these would depend entirely on Canadian patronage; they could never be taken to the United States or England with the least hope of success. This being the case, there is no financial encouragement to playwrights to deal in Canadian subjects. So far as actors are concerned, Canada has contributed her full quota both to the American and English stage.

Much more sensible and convincing than Mr. Greet's remarks along this line was his cheering report that the people of the United States are strong in their desire to improve the drama—that everywhere in that country there is evident an undercurrent of dissatisfaction with present theatrical standards. "The people," he declares, "are sick to death of morbid plays." This hardly jibes, to be sure, with Mr. Greet's criticism of the "American" stage as it is, nor with his experience in seeing children sent in shoals to see an indecent problem play in a United States city. Yet to Canadians it is glad tidings. There is no denying that theatrically our country is an annex of the United States, and if any good thing happens to or on the stage there we are bound to benefit very directly. If the "Americans" are as yearnful as Mr. Greet declares for a better stage and a purer drama, it should not take them long to make their wants effective.

The Jules Grau Opera Company have played to good business this week at the Grand in Sousa's "El Capitan" and "The Wizard of the Nile." It is a competent organization of singers and actors.

It is said that when the Jersey Lily secured an option on "Mrs. Deering's Divorce" last year in London she did not think much of it. The majority of those who saw her in this play last week in Toronto are puzzled to know why Mrs. Langtry changed her first opinion. The value of Mr. Fendall's play, if it has any value, lies not so much in its plot and situations as in the smart dialogue and amusing society talk which, however, is confined to the first part of the play and peters out towards the end. Mr. and Mrs. Deering have been separated by the courts, and after a time each is about to remarry. She is to wed a society youth who has been following her about for months; he is to marry a spinster of forty hard summers, who is not in love with him, but finds he is the only man who is willing to take her face and her fortune. The spinster, wise in her maturity, thinks it well to get a "character" from Deering's last place, so to speak, and comes to the divorced Mrs. Deering to enquire as to her former husband's general habits. Her coming and Deering's chance arrival start some capital comedy scenes, and, needless to say, by the time the curtain is ready to be rung down Captain Deering and his divorced wife are reunited. In the last act, Mr. Fendall transports all his people to a dressmaker's shop in Bond street, where the much-heralded and widely advertised disrobing scene, which is strongly reminiscent of a similar scene in Sardou's "Divorçons," takes place, virtuously screened from the curious eyes of the audience. The ending of the play is frightfully flat and banal.

A subscriber sends the following lines on "Everyman":

It is the time that knowledge leaps and bounds,
With rapid stride, like hare before the hounds,
And thus we seekers after her are led
A merry chase, to catch her on ahead.
But not alone in books is knowledge found,
We see it spread before us, in the ground.
The heavens tell of it, and man his part
Does not rebel to play, with all his heart.
A seeker after knowledge, I me hied,
To Massay Hall, where Houston doth bestride,
Urged on by Hughes, instructor of the youth.
I went to see upon the stage, forsooth,
The picture of one's life—aye, more, and death—
For, lo, he came to point to grave beneath.
I learned lesson, that (although 'tis said
It is the woman that this age hath led,
For woman's rights are ever to the front,
And woman's lefts the males to take are wont),
I ne'er went forth to learn, for lo, I see
That Everyman's a woman—yea, a "she."

An enjoyable programme is offered at Shea's this week. Rice & Cady, the old-time favorites, appear again. Their act is new and very entertaining, although not nearly as good as the old turn. Thurston, the illusionist, performs a series of tricks which are startling in their seeming reality. Mr. Thurston's surroundings lend an extremely Oriental charm, and the assistants are well-trained acquisitions. Gehru and Ford's dancing is an artistic effort, and their costumes are pretty and novel. Mademoiselle Christina's monkeys are not very well trained and the creatures are all so diminutive and pathetic looking that one hates to think of the tragedies that evidently occur at rehearsals. The Misses Delmore present one of the most refined and attractive turns of the sea-



MISS DRINA DE WOLFE,

A celebrated beauty and an actress of promising talent, who will appear with Miss Millward in "A Clean Slate" at the Princess the coming week.

son, the only real drawback being the somewhat shabby appearance of the costumes. Tompkins, the monologist, redeems the first part of his turn by concluding with a clever Italian impersonation. The Albano musical troupe is a clever aggregation and their execution on the concertinas is marvelous indeed. Several good pictures are shown by the kinetograph in conclusion.

Seldom, if ever, has Toronto seen anything in musical comedy to surpass "A Chinese Honeymoon," that bright English success presented here last spring, and again this week, at the Princess Theater. It is one of the few pieces of the kind that attracts practically the same audience for two seasons in succession, and even with an inferior cast would in all probability draw a crowd. With the present company it is beyond criticism from the standpoint of the average theater-goer, and it is the average theater-goer that players generally aim to satisfy. A sketch of the plot was given in this column of last week. To begin with, the creators of "A Chinese Honeymoon" have succeeded in producing it with a style distinctly its own. It has a gaiety that must appeal to the artistic eye, music acceptable to the musical ear, and the actors spare no effort to do their several parts satisfactorily. The principal hit is certainly scored by Miss Katie Barry, who, in place of Toby Claude of last season's fame, takes the part of Fi Fi. Her appearance is invariably the signal for roars of laughter, and the clever little comedienne never wears in her honest and most successful attempts to please. Mr. Fred W. Mace as Mr. Samuel Pineapple is particularly good, his rendering of "Mr. Dooley" making a decided impression on the amused audiences. Mr. Claude Brooke as Chippie Chop, Lord Chancellor; Mr. William Prud'homme as Hi Lung, Lord High Admiral; Mr. George Broderick as Hang Chow, Emperor of Ylang Ylang, and Mr. Benjamin Howard as Tom Hatherton, constitute able support. The role of Mrs. Pineapple is taken by Miss Violet Dale; that of Soo Soo, the Emperor's niece, by Miss Mary Conwell, and both are admirably suited to the parts assigned them, while Miss Mabella Baker as Mrs. Brown, the official mother-in-law, is good, and the whole ensemble acceptable.

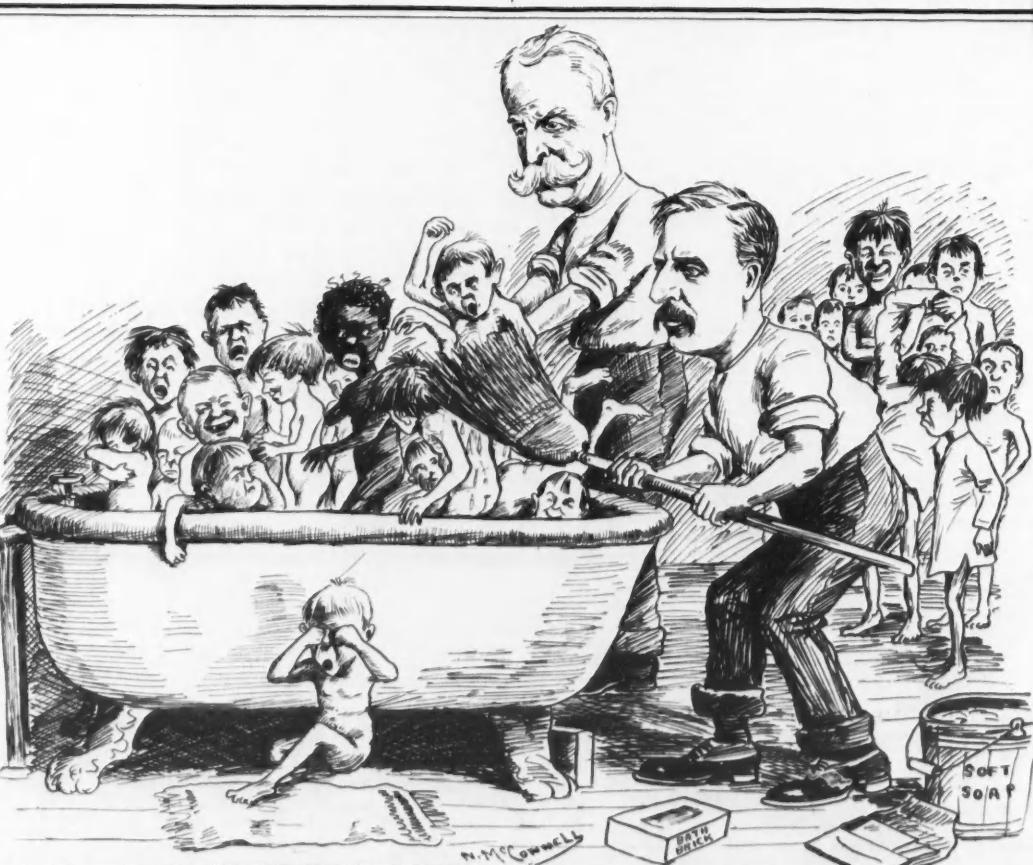
A Canadian gentleman remarked the other day, in speaking of a certain wealthy "American" who is noted for his Shylockian propensities, "Trust him; he'll get his pound of flesh every time. Those Yankees always do." That may be. Our cousins flourishing under Uncle Sam's flag are no fools. They certainly do know how to get the worth of their money, and why not? After all, is not the whole world run on the same basis? If "Americans" have the gift of manipulation of all things to come to their nets in a greater degree than some other less fortunate people, why should they not make use of it? They do, and far be it from us—broad-minded Canadians as we think ourselves—to harbor resentment because they occasionally seem to get the best of things. Money's worth! Does the rule work regarding the smaller as well as the greater things of life? If so, Canadian gentleman, listen to this: The very evening after you had indulged in your disparaging comments on our friends across the border, even waxed warm and grew decidedly nettled in the flow of eloquence, I saw you, seated comfortably in a box at the Princess, and, good

gracious! (knowing that you've been everywhere and seen everything, I can afford to risk the query), were you never at the theater before? The worth of one's money? Surely you got value for every farthing that night! Like the small boy at the Zoo, you endeavored, with the rest of the crowd, to put the performers through their "facings" again and again, with no regard for said performers, to say nothing of appearances. The latter, be it said, you generally study rather faithfully, now don't you? and why shouldn't you if you want to? But, honestly, on this occasion your enthusiasm led to a discussion. A Toronto audience, as a rule, is one likely to impress an outsider with a sense of its intelligence and caste, but bounds! when that everlasting encore craze takes possession of it it seems changed in some unaccountable way. And, Friend Canadian, would you believe it, on the evening in question an "American" woman sat next me, and a pretty girl who was with her remarked (indicating you!), "What a good-looking man that is," adding, "Wonder who he is?" Her companion answered, "Whoever he is, he certainly seems desirous of getting the worth of his money!" And that of you, above all people; that of a Canadian from an "American." And all because you sat there and joined in the clapping, clapping, clapping that greeted one "hit" after another. It is really a pleasure to see such sincere appreciation displayed when it is merited, but when it is not, what then? It must simply be the result of habit.

Mrs. Fiske, the most popular actress who visits Toronto, has been selected by Manager A. J. Small to open his beautiful new Majestic Theater on the site of the old Toronto Opera House. Her engagement may be regarded as foremost in importance among the dramatic events of the season here. Mrs. Fiske will be seen in her magnificent production of Paul Heyse's drama, "Mary of Magdala," adapted into English by William Winter. This play has proved the greatest success of Mrs. Fiske's career, and no stage offering has been more widely and more favorably discussed. "Mary of Magdala" ran for twelve weeks last season at Mrs. Fiske's New York theater, the Manhattan, and has also been presented in Boston, Chicago, and other large cities with equal success. This season it had a supplementary run in New York that ended only last Saturday. Mrs. Fiske's portrayal of the Magdalene is said to be a marvelous study in emotional transition, and is deeply human and appealing. From a pictorial viewpoint the production has been said to surpass anything the American stage has known. The same company that supported Mrs. Fiske in New York will be seen here. About one hundred persons are included in the cast.

For next week Mr. Shea promises an exceptionally strong bill, which will include Yorke and Adams, Edwin Latell, Eddie Girard and Jessie Gardner, Walno and Marinette, Pauline Moran, the Lovitts, and Ziska and King.

Prominent in the company supporting Miss Jessie Millward at the Princess next week, is Miss Drina De Wolfe, who was a member of Henry Miller's company last season, and wherever she appeared she attracted unusual attention because of her commanding appearance, her beauty, and her graceful carriage, as well as her genuine dramatic talents.



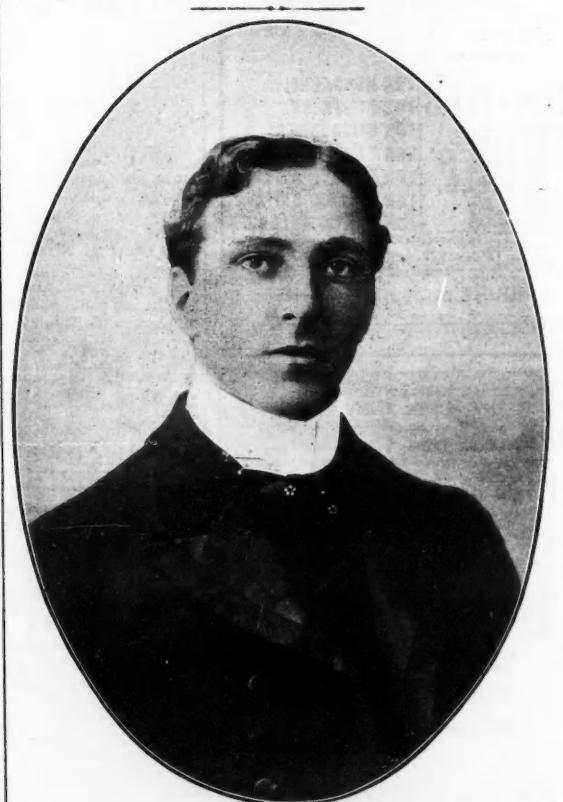
THE HEALTH OFFICER AND SCHOOL INSPECTOR AS KNIGHTS COMMANDERS OF THE BATH.

James L. Hughes (in an interview): I quite agree with Dr. Sheard that there should be baths in some of the Public schools.

Miss De Wolfe has been described as looking like Mrs. Patrick Campbell might have looked ten years ago. She is a splendid foil for Miss Millward in "A Clean Slate," for while the star wears some stunning costumes, Miss De Wolfe clothes her radiant beauty in the simplest of cotton gowns, as she has the role of a farm servant.

"A drama of strong human interest, with a central theme of love and jealousy, and enough sword play and adventurous intrigue to stir the pulse and quicken the emotions, and presented withal in a manner fully abreast with all the improved devices and beautiful effects of modern stage craft"—such is "The Pride of Jennico" James K. Hackett's great success, which will be given at the Grand Opera House next week under the management of Percy Sage, who has secured all the rights to the play by contract with Daniel Frohman. He promises a scenic equipment which shall be all new and an exact copy of the elaborate mise-en-scene at the Criterion Theater during its New York run, and a company which had the advantage of long rehearsals at the home theater in New York under the supervision of one of Mr. Frohman's stage managers. Edward R. Mawson, who is well known for his work in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and also in "A Fair Rebel," is featured in the character of Basil Jennico.

Miss Jessie Millward, the well-known English actress, will appear at the Princess Theater all next week in "A Clean Slate," a new and original comedy by R. C. Carton, author of "Lord and Lady Algry," "Liberty Hall" and other successful plays. It is a curious coincidence that Miss Millward should make her initial appearance here as a star in a new play by Mr. Carton, for it is a matter of stage history that she won her first great success in America as Lady Algry in Mr. Carton's delightful social satire, "Lord and Lady Algry." This was while Miss Millward was leading lady of the Empire Theater stock company, when she appealed strongly to the better class of theatergoers who appreciate the highest form of comedy. Miss Millward's success was so great that Manager Charles Dillingham arranged to star her at the head of her own company this season, and fortunately he was able to secure for her the American rights to Mr. Carton's latest play, which was recently produced in London. In "A Clean Slate" Miss Millward appears as a fascinating young society woman, Mrs. Tracy Aubert, who secures a divorce from her husband because he is ungallant enough to run away with another woman. In the divorce courts she meets the husband of the eloping woman, and realizes that years before she had known him when she was a little girl. Drawn together by a mutual bond of sympathy they fall desperately in love with each other. In the second act each has secured a divorce and they have planned a quiet marriage, when affairs are unexpectedly complicated by the return of the eloping couple, each seeking forgiveness. Miss Millward will be assisted by one of the strongest supporting companies gathered together in recent years. Her leading man is J. H. Gilmour, formerly leading man for Julia Marlowe. Miss Drina De Wolfe, famous as a stage beauty and an actress of great promise, is also in the company. The stage settings are pretty and picturesque, and the ladies wear some hand-some gowns.



MR. CLIFFORD WALKER.

Mr. Clifford Walker, who is announced to give one of his popular recitals in the Y.M.C.A. Hall on the evening of Thursday, October 29th, is one of the best-known English society entertainers. With musical sketches and monologues, character studies and clever imitations he has made his way in every quarter of the globe to the accompaniment of a ripple of laughter. Mr. Walker's experience as an actor stood him in good stead in arranging his own entertainment, and although little over thirty, he has played nearly every part in Shakespeare and old English comedy. As a drawing-room entertainer he has visited South Africa, India, Ceylon, Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand, and in all parts of the British Empire he has been accorded a very kindly welcome. His entertainments have everywhere attracted large and fashionable audiences. Mr. Walker will appear in Toronto under the auspices of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Clark, and a large number of the leading ladies of Toronto have kindly consented to become patrons. It goes without saying that the Queen City will not be behindhand in giving him a good reception.

Love-In Convalescence.

A feller might as well give up and go
And throw himself into the lion's lair!
For what's the use uv livin' when you know
The girl you'd swaller poison fer don't care?

Last night there was a ring come to the door,
And she rose right up sudden off her chair:
And when I looked—oh, Gee! I could ay swore,
For it was Horas Murphy standin' there!

There had been Johnny-cake for tea—I'd et
An awful lot, so I could hardly see;
And I was feelin' happy then, you bet,
Fer when she passed the spoons, she smiled at me.

And after, when she stood and made a bow,
And run her fingers through her lovely hair,
And said that I could call her Beetrice now,
I wouldn't 'a' swapped lots with a millynair.

And then that bloomin' cuss come to the door
And stood and grinned as if he owned her all:
And I was ragin' to the very core
When she sez, "Oh, how good uv you to call!"

Them two went in the parlor fer a spell,
And sat till ten o'clock a-talkin' there.
Gosh! wouldn't I uv liked to make him yell,
By shovin' her long hatpin through his chare?

Mebbe when I can go around and walk,
And gittin' paid fer workin' every day,
I'll buy some dandy cloes and learn to talk,
And then I'll hev a chance to say my say.

I'll take her drivin' every night, you bet,
And buy her peanuts, and perhaps a few
Lozengers, and grapes, and when they're et
Mebbe she'll ast me in the parlor, too.

Won't that be great? We'll sit there in the dark
Huggin' and kissin', happy as kin be.
And when it gets around about our spark,
Won't that young Murphy kid feel cheap? Oh, Gee!

Listowel. CLAYTON B. DUFF.

The wake—always conducted most won the way it did! means of which, ho who had no suitable before bed cars. Cried themselves Nancy Eliza could not sated, si rode astride she could long thin leather back gripped sharp-feat and an ex had tied and sec and smile. "Are Nancy? "I do Miss Am—and yet "Tell flicking hide wh "If he ters in t objected "Oh, "It's not Biggar!" The gaily on little cro and mos Miss An kicked up reported a small of horde of and kind comfort of mumm "antikas me, last Miss interest cushion value. skinned was abo for a pu she was along a while, s disappeared. "Stop rein, and the boy Aw key na indicati self. "I do Amanda you we "Good with an briga crowded fore tri but hi band. Arabic glances wretched were b Miss duce h now; mind, boat. "No the fa pensati five pi "We despe "N protes beads. piastri Th more convi her la tion. the d cape, of the worst straw incar hands had wret deas his d eyes they each wood dered last and and bega stan hom Miss she me! men wou spea head agai color pyde min sight com

The Abduction of Miss Amanda Biggar.

MISS AMANDA BIGGAR sat her donkey with an air of resigned determination—resignation to what she knew would be an hour of excruciating discomfort and misery—determination to endure it, because only in that way could she follow in the wake—always in the wake, alas!—of the other “personally conducted” on this morning’s expedition to one of Egypt’s most wonderful temples; and Miss Amanda had not come all the way from Boston to have others see anything which she did not! But she devoutly wished there was some other means of transport in Upper Egypt than the ass, an animal which, however well adapted it might be to Eastern riders, who had been used to it all their lives, was, she maintained no suitable steed for an elderly maiden lady who had never before been carried by anything more jerky than the electric cars. Certainly, Miss Amanda and the donkey did not adapt themselves to one another very successfully, thought pretty Nancy Elwood as she came galloping up from behind. She could not help smiling at the comical figure the lady presented, sitting ungracefully astride her donkey—she always rode astride on a man’s saddle, declaring it was the only way she could stick on at all—her skirts caught up, revealing a long thin ankle and foot encased in a stout, square-toed leather boot; her sharp elbows sticking out angularly as she gripped desperately at the rising pommel of the saddle; her sharp-featured brown face, wearing a pair of blue goggles and an expression of agony, peering from beneath a large sun-hat tied on by a voluminous green veil passed over the top and secured beneath her chin. As Nancy, with a gay nod and smile, cantered past, Miss Amanda jerked herself round to speak.

“Are you the last?” she asked, anxiously. Nancy nodded. “Yes, I was late coming off the boat.”

“I don’t know why I should always be left behind,” cried Miss Amanda, querulously. “I, I don’t like it—it frightens me—and yet I always am.”

“Tell your boy to make him gallop,” suggested Nancy, flicking flies off her donkey’s ears with the hippopotamus-hide whip she had that morning acquired in the bazaar.

“If he hits the donkey, the animal squirms his hindquarters in the most peculiar way, and nearly throws me off,” objected Miss Amanda.

“Oh, they always do that.” Nancy assured her cheerfully. “It’s nothing when you’re used to it. Come along, Miss Biggar!”

The girl crammed her Panama over her eyes and trotted gaily on, and Miss Amanda was left behind, as usual. The little crowd of tourists forged ahead, with Ahmet Ali, fattest and most pompous of dragomans, in their midst, and poor Miss Amanda followed wretchedly in the cloud of dust kicked up by their departing heels. One donkey boy supported her on her saddle by a grimy hand planted in the small of her back, and another urged on her steed, while a horde of dirty, ragged, picturesque Arabs formed an escort, and kindly endeavored to distract her thoughts from the discomfort of her position by offering for her inspection strings of mummy beads, little stone figures, “sacred eyes,” and other “antikas”—“him very good antika, genuine, what you give me, last price!”

Miss Amanda, always keen on a bargain, began to take an interest in these objects, and entered into an animated discussion on their unassailable antika-ness and just market value. Finally, having reduced the demands of one dark-skinned vendor from “six-shilling” to five piastres, the lady was about to dive into some mysterious recess of her skirts for a purse, when she suddenly perceived, to her horror, that she was alone with her escort of Arabs, and was being taken along a narrow track at the base of the low-lying sandhills, while sakes alive! the last disappearing flutter of the last disappearing tourist of the party was vanishing round the bend of totally diverging pathway.

“Stop, stop!” she shrieked, clutching wildly at her donkey’s rein, and only saved from a fall by being herself clutched by the boy. “You’re taking me the wrong way!”

“Aw right,” answered the donkey boy, soothingly. “Donkey named Telephone—Telephone, Telegraph, Mahomet Ali,” indicating successively the donkey, his companion, and himself. “Ye-es, Telephone, Tele—”

“I don’t care what the donkey’s name is!” cried Miss Amanda, her voice shriller than ever with terror. “I tell you we are going the wrong way—turn round at once!”

“Good donkey, good lady,” murmured “Mahomet Ali,” with an approving pat of his filthy paw on Miss Amanda’s back. “Good baksheesh!”

“You shall have no baksheesh at all; turn round, I say; the others have gone that way—look!” Miss Amanda waved wildly in the other direction, but the disappearing flutter had vanished completely now, and apparently the donkey boy did not intend to alter their course, for he shook his head, his English being unequal to further demands, and gave the donkey a prod which caused one of the curious wriggles so disquieting to its rider. Miss Amanda felt herself turning faint with horror. Where were they taking her? This horde of unkempt savages? What was their object in leading her away from her party into the trackless desert, or perhaps into one of those dreadful mud villages, so many of which they had seen on their way up the Nile? Were they going to murder her for baksheesh? All the tales of brigands, dervishes or robbers that she had ever heard, crowded into the poor lady’s brain, until she felt it reel before the horrid possibilities of her situation. In vain she tried to turn the donkey’s head. Amenable to no guidance but his master’s, the animal plodded steadily on, while the band of ragged boys clattered together in their guttural Arabic, and seemed, to Miss Amanda’s excited fancy, to cast glances alternately threatening and gloating towards their wretched victim. The vendors of the “antikas” in particular were becoming insistent in their demands of payment; but Miss Amanda felt that it would be courting disaster to produce her purse, so, gathering the shreds of her presence of mind, she shook her head and said. “No, I can’t pay you mind; I’ve no money. You must wait till we get back to the boat—take me there, and I’ll pay you.”

“No, no!” cried the merchant, understanding nothing but the fact that his beads were taken from him and no compensation offered. “Mummy bead—real antika—you give me five piastre!”

“Well, then, take back your beads,” said Miss Amanda, desperately. “I won’t have them.”

“No, no,” reiterated the merchant, pushing back with protesting, outspread fingers the long strings of multi-colored beads. “You buy them—genuine antika—I take it five piastres—give me five piastres.”

The altercation grew more heated, the outraged merchant more vehement in his demands, Miss Amanda more firmly convinced that the moment she produced her purse might be her last. Her head ached with the scorching sun and agitation; her body felt shaken to bits by the jolting jog-trot of the donkey. Wildly she looked round for any chance of escape, but there was none; and then as they turned a bend of the sandhills she saw before them the realization of her worst fears—one of those collections of miserable hovels with straw roofs and baked mud walls which go to form an Egyptian village. This, then, was their goal. Here she was to be incarcerated, searched, probably, first, by brutal unshaven hands for the gold they thought she had concealed. Oh, why had she ever left the boat and ventured amongst these wretches? Why had that perfidious dragoman, Ahmet Ali, deserted and abandoned her thus, in direct contravention of his duty? Tears began to course down Miss Amanda’s withered cheeks, and fell unheeded as she stared with wide, dull eyes at the group of huts they were approaching. Presently they entered one of the narrow twisting lanes bordered on each side by unresponsive, windowless mud walls, with broken wooden doors swinging on rusty hinges. Miss Amanda shuddered as she caught sight of some of the interiors. With a last despairing effort she turned again to the donkey boy and poured forth a stream of incoherent threats, promises and entreaties. The boy showed his dazzling white teeth and began his invariable reply to sentence he could not understand, “Donkey name, Telephone. Telephone, Telegraph, Mahomet Ali—good donkey, good lady, very good baksheesh!” Miss Amanda caught at the last words. “Yes, yes, baksheesh!” she cried. “Plenty baksheesh if you will only save me!” The boy laughed and nodded in answer to her excitement, and prodded the donkey on to greater speed. They wound on through the village, whisking round corners at a speed which at any other time would have sent Miss Amanda headlong, till suddenly they emerged on to the open desert again, and there Miss Amanda gasped and stared and gasped again—there before her rose the massive, broken pillars of a colossal ruin, and just disappearing between the shattered pylons was the little crowd of fellow tourists to whom her mind she had said farewell for ever! One of them, catching sight of her as she dropped from her saddle, nearly fainting from fatigue and emotion, called to her gaily, “Oh, you’ve come the short cut, Miss Biggar! That’s not playing the



WHAT JACK CANUCK ALWAYS GETS IN THE END.

John Bull: Don't lose your temper, Jack; I gave your Uncle Sam my consent.

game you know—we’ve ridden miles around, and are here first after all.”

“Miss Biggar very wise,” said Ahmet Ali, coming to help her. “You not like donkey-ride, Miss Biggar, and have less time. And now, ladies and gentlemen, you will please produce your tickets, which Ahmet Ali tell you las’ night not to forget, and we will go into this great Temple of Hathor and see wonderful inscriptions. This way, ladies!”

“Well,” said Miss Amanda, with conviction—it was after dinner and she had been relating her experiences to an amused but sympathetic audience—“you may say what you like, but nothing will ever change my opinion that those heathen savages meant to kidnap me, and then got scared at the last moment. Short cut? I never asked them to go any short cuts. No—robbery and murder was what they meant.”

And what’s more,” added the little lady, shaking an impressive forefinger, “you will never convince me that that dragoman Ahmet Ali wasn’t in league with them, and didn’t desert me on purpose. Oh, you may laugh!” as a ripple of mirth greeted this astounding accusation, “but that’s so—you take my word for it. And if you ever find me trusting myself to this boat with those wretches again, well, you may say I deserved to be robbed and murdered, that’s all!”

MORDEMILY.

An Autumn Afternoon.

A pageant of poppies and stately phlox. The purple and pink of the perfumed pea, golden glow by the garden gate, And a slumberous stir in the linden tree.

Gay portulaca and odorous thyme, The hum of the hovering ruby-throat, A breath of alyssum and mignonette, The sibilant sound of the cricket’s note.

Reddening apple and tasseled corn, Sunshine yellow and ripening vine, A tremolo soft from the trellised bower Of one at her sewing—sweet Marjorie mine.

J. W. S.

Why Worry?

THE Foolishness of Worrying” was the subject of Rev. J. T. Sunderland at the Unitarian Church, Jarvis street, last Sunday morning. The text was Matthew 6: 34, “Take no thought for the morrow.” However, the form of the text quoted was that of the Revised Version, “Be not anxious for the morrow,” which the speaker regarded as the true rendering of the original. It is folly, he urged, to say, “Take no thought.” We must take thought. Not to take thought for what is coming is to act like children. What distinguishes the civilized man from the savage is very largely the fact that the civilized man plans for the future, while the savage lives from hand to mouth. Taking thought for the morrow is what has clothed man, built him houses to live in, from the hut of bark to the palace; tamed wild animals for his service; taught him the use of metals; constructed boats, from the canoe to the ocean steamer; developed agriculture; invented tools and machinery; built railways; written books; in a word, taken every step from savagery to civilization. If the world should obey the injunction,

“Take no thought,” its descent to savagery, indeed to starvation and ruin, would be inevitable and speedy.

We should think about to-morrow, and plan for it, both for ourselves and for those dependent upon us. But we should not be anxious and troubled about it. We should not worry concerning it. We should have ideals. We should believe in better things than we have yet reached, and we should press forward to the attainment of these better things. But all this is consonant with calmness of mind. Indeed, calmness of mind and absence of worry are indispensable conditions of the attainment of these high ends in any full measure.

In our Western Anglo-Saxon world, worry seems to be a sort of disease, growing perhaps largely out of our fierce competitive struggle and our feverish anxiety to make money.

Is the disease of “worry” increasing in modern life? “I am afraid it is,” said Mr. Sunderland. “There are those who think this the price we must pay for a high and elaborate civilization. I cannot believe that this is true. For a civilization that is artificial and superficial, that makes its highest concern money and the things money can buy, I have no doubt that worry and anxiety and unrest and emptiness of soul are the price we must pay. But such a civilization is not high, it is low; really it is only an elaborate and gilded barbarism. A truly high civilization bases itself on the solid realities of character and life, the things which make for manhood and womanhood, the things that endure, the things which give, not anxiety and unrest and fever and distraction to the human soul, but those which give peace and quiet and joy and strength.”

“How foolish it seems to worry, as soon as we look at the matter candidly! Worry makes us miserable. It saps our vitality. It hinders our work, whatever our work may be.

It shortens life. It is a selfish thing. What right have we to darken our homes, as the habitual worrier does? What right to add to the burdens and discouragements of husband, wife, children, brothers, sisters, friends, associates? They all have sorrows and burdens enough without our worries added.

If we feel worried we should make it a point of conscience not to talk about our worries to others, partly because it is selfish, and partly because the worrying habit is contagious. In the case of most contagious diseases the law requires isolation; well would it be if the same law were applied to worrying.

“Of all persons in the world, a Christian should be the last to worry. Not only is worry an injury to oneself and to others, but it is not a sin against God? By it we lessen our capacity to do the work He has given us to do; and is it not in its very nature an expression of distrust in Him?”

“Worrying is largely a matter of habit, and a habit which, once formed, is likely to grow. Anyone who has the habit should set about the conquest of it at once. How? Several considerations are worth attention. First, let us take good care of our physical health, since ill-health is an open door to worrying. Second, let us learn to see the humor in life. There is health of mind in a smile and a laugh. It is wonderful how a glimpse of the humorous side of life will often put our despondencies and worries to flight. Third, let us form the habit of looking on the bright instead of the dark side of things. Fourth, let us not worry over imaginary troubles; for, as a matter of fact, a large part of the troubles which come to all of us are purely imaginary. Fifth, let us not worry over things that have passed and cannot be changed. Let us heed the words of Longfellow:

“Let the dead past bury its dead.”

“Sixth, let us not worry over the future. Half the ills we worry about—ought I not to say nine-tenths?—never

come at all. How wise was Jesus when He said, ‘Be not anxious about the morrow!’

“Seventh, let us undertake to overcome our worries, not so much by fighting against them as by rising above them. We must keep ourselves in so high a degree of moral and spiritual health that no such disease as worry can fasten itself upon us. Fighting worries is much like fighting mosquitoes, for every one killed ten come to the funeral. Go to the hill tops, physical and spiritual, and mosquitoes and worries will disappear.

“Finally, it will help us to conquer the worry habit, if we realize that many of the things which we dread and worry about are not evils at all, but blessings in disguise. Let us build a little fence of trust around to-day, Fill the space with loving work, and therein stay. Look not through the sheltering bars upon to-morrow;—God will help us bear what comes, of joy or sorrow!”

Ann's Age.

MANY solutions have been offered of the problem which emanated from Harvard University and is now going the rounds of the press all over America. The Kansas City “Journal’s” answer is one of the most humorous if also most wide of the mark.

“Mary is twenty-four years old. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann now?

“Ann is sixty-three years of age,” declares the Kansas City “Journal,” and proceeds to reason it out in this wise: “Obviously, Ann is as old now as Mary was when Mary was half as old as her present age less the age of Ann at the time she was half as old as Mary was when she was twice as old as Ann is, unless you figure that Ann was half as old as if she were twice Mary’s present age, less Ann’s age when she was twice as old as Mary is now, or twenty-four. Twenty-four and fifteen are thirty-nine, and twenty-four and thirty-nine are sixty-three, which represents Mary’s present age subtracted from half of Mary’s age at the time she was half as old as Ann. I would not solve this problem for any one but a constant reader.”

The right answer is eighteen years. Mary is twenty-four years old now. When Ann was half that age (twelve years) Mary was, of course, eighteen. That was six years ago, and therefore Ann is eighteen now. This fulfills all the conditions of the problem.

The “Jersey Lily” and Mrs. Langtry.

ONE of the latest musical shows in New York is “The Jersey Lily,” and the “Tribune” tells this funny story concerning it:

“My but you will enjoy this show,” said a grey-haired man of middle age to his young wife, as they sat in the Victoria Theater one night awaiting the rising of the curtain on “The Jersey Lily.”

“Of course I will enjoy it,” returned his wife. “I always enjoy everything you like, and heaven knows you’ve talked enough about this Mrs. Langtry. Do you know, John, I’ve almost been jealous of her at times.”

“You needn’t be jealous,” he said. “I have not seen her in twenty years. You can imagine what a wonderful actress she is, though, if the impression of seeing her just once lasts so long.”

“Why do they call her ‘Jersey Lily,’ John?” she asked.

“I don’t know as I ever heard. I suppose, though, she was born in New Jersey somewhere. She’s a lily, all right.”

“And it was twenty years ago you saw her,” she mused.

“She must be getting old. But I’ll like her because you do.”

The curtain rose on a flashy ensemble of pretty chorus girls, brightly gowned. The couple waited breathlessly for the coming of the star.

“She seems to have changed the style of her plays,” observed the husband. “There was not so much singing in the piece in which I saw her. But she can do anything she tries, I’m sure.”

The musical comedy wandered on, and still they waited. At last the reward—the “Jersey Lily,” with a youthful smile, tripped out upon the stage.

“Isn’t she beautiful, this Mrs. Langtry I’ve been crackling up to you?” the husband demanded.

“She is that,” admitted the wife, “and so young looking.”

“Of course I did, and she doesn’t look a day older. She’s a wonderful woman.”

The wife consulted her programme for the first time. “Did you know she has changed her name, John? She is down on the bill as Blanche Ring.”

“Nothing of the kind; she’s Lily Langtry. I’d know that smile anywhere.”

The wife went further into the programme.

“John, are there two Mrs. Langtrys?”

“Of course not. There’s only one Lily.”

“Well, here is an advertisement which says that Mrs. Langtry is playing at another theater in a horrid divorce play.”

The husband looked for himself, and when the curtain fell he went outside and railed at the man in the box office for “ringing in a modern edition of the ‘Jersey Lily,’” as he put it.

It only goes to show that a catchy name sticks to an actress through thick and thin.

Does Bengough Play Golf?

The London “Outlook” is not rapturously satisfied with the perspective in our Johnny Bengough’s cartoons, if the following paragraph expresses the critic’s viewpoint:

“Mr. Bengough, the cartoonist of the ‘St. James’s Gazette,’ attempted a golf subject on Thursday. Mr. Balfour with fearfully thin ankles, which feature may be true enough to life, but otherwise trying to look like burly Andrew Kirkyaldy, an attempt in the nature of things impossible, is standing with a driving mallet in his hand, scanning a putting-green. The hole is declared to be a two-shot one. The intermediate ground is labelled Retaliatory Tariffs, and the putting-green Imperial Reciprocity. The distance according to the perspective looks to us to be a ‘half-iron.’ If Mr. Balfour will change his mallet for an iron, and tee the ball on the ground instead of on an eminence, we believe he will get on the green in one, with a fair chance of holing in two.”

The Mother Instinct.

Canada for the Canadians.

But

Hunyadi Janos

For CONSTIPATION

because it is the best Natural Laxative Mineral Water. Its fame for more than a quarter of a century rests on the solid foundation of merit. Leading physicians from Eastern Ontario to Western British Columbia recommend it daily. Half a tumbler taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

Anecdotal.

An old Scotchwoman when advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon, replied: "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

A well known landscape painter was busy "dashing in" the colors of a sunset in the country. The tints were hurriedly conveyed from tube to palette, and from palette to canvas, for the artist was anxious to catch the effect. A rustic standing by observed the operation for a little while, and then remarked: "Ah, you're a-painting two pictures at once. That's clever!" He paused a moment, and blurted out: "I like that picture best—the one you've got your thumb through!"

Rudyard Kipling once visited the late Cecil Rhodes at Lekkerwijn, one of his fruit farms at Paarl, South Africa. One morning Rhodes went round his farm before breakfast, leaving his guest, who was not so energetic behind. Time went on, and Rhodes did not appear. Hunger soon roused Kipling to action, and in a short while he was very busy on his own account. As Rhodes returned he found his trees bearing a new kind of fruit in the shape of placards, inscribed in huge black letters with "Famine!" "We are starving!" "Feed us!" etc. On reaching the front door he was confronted with the following, in still larger type: "For the Human Race—Breakfast tones the mind, invigorates the body. It has sustained thousands; it will sustain you. See that you get it." Then in the house, on every available wall, he came across other mysterious placards, in more and more pathetic appeal: "Why die when a little breakfast prolongs life?" Larger and larger grew the type: "It is late, it is still later," leading at last into the little breakfast-room, where he found Kipling reading his paper in peaceful innocence, but very hungry. It did not need much ingenuity to guess the author of these broadsides.

The Universal Target.

Speak kindly to the millionaire; Perhaps he does his best. Don't try to drive him to despair With rude, unfeeling jest. Don't laugh at portraits which display His face with comical air. And when he gives his wealth away Don't take it with a sneer. Speak kindly to the millionaire. He has a right to live And feel the sun and breathe the air You may be rich yourself, you see. Before your life is through, Speak kindly and remember he Is human, just like you. —Washington "Star."

Plant Used as a Rouge.

The Southern girl always had a pretty flush on her cheeks. She doesn't rouge, the other girls know that, for the flush is far too natural to come from such an outside source. Yet the fact remains that she who last year was pale is this year rosy. One day her hostess went into the room where the Southern girl was making her toilet and found her rubbing a green leaf on her cheeks.

Of course, then explanations were in order. The green leaf, it seems, was just common burdock. The burdock has a fuzzy surface, which, rubbed on the skin, brings the blood to the surface most effectively. After it is applied, the more the cheeks are bathed the redder they become. Here's a rouge worth while. Of course the "feel" of the burdock is not the most agreeable thing in the world, but its effects make up for its disagreeable qualities. The Southern girl was having fresh leaves sent to her every day in the letters from home, and that is the way she managed to keep up her healthful glow.

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Cockneyisms.

The following dialogue between a bus-driver and a droopy-looking youth with a well-watered silk hat who was handling the reins on the box of a brougham is a fair sample of the ready wit and the equally ready animosity of the London Jehu. The youth had evidently inconvenienced the bus-driver in some subtle way—a state of affairs in which each party, according to the other, is to blame.

"Bus Driver—Ere; you ought to be drivin' cows in the country, you ought!"

Droopy Youth—Garn! we're the regular man? The company don't know you're takin' 'is job, do they?

"Bus Driver—You're the man wot wots dahin the brougham, ain't yer?"

Droopy Youth—No wonder you ain't got many passengers; they judges by the free, yer know.

"Bus Driver—Pies! Wot d'you call that thing you've got? Wy, it only wants a 'andle to be a 'atchet."

Droopy Youth (whipping up his horse) —!

"Bus Driver—That's right; you 'urry home; yer farver wants 'is at!"

Most Annoying.

"We must part," he declared, with quivering lip.

The wife stood silent with averted head.

"It is impossible for us to live together," he insisted, as he fastened the only life-preserver on board to his person. Then the vessel foundered—Ex.

Mr. Jones—That young Snodgrass seems like one of the family. His Only Daughter—How so, papa? "Why, he looks scared when your mother's anywhere near."—Exchange.

The Book Shop.
Novels Are Sweets...

All people with healthy appetites love them, said Thackeray. An immense stock is found here at "The Book Shop"—all the

Newest and Best Books

as well as the standard works. Remember that we always take pleasure in aiding selection, whether it be a 15c. paper-covered novel or a \$40.00 set.

WM. TYRRELL & CO.
8 KING STREET WEST

LADY GAY'S COLUMN

A LADY came into the sanctum one day lately with a small and observant niece of maybe five summers. The lady wanted me to act as unsalaried agent, and secure for her a class of pupils in a special line of study. There are so many of these jobs at my disposal from time to time, I being what the uncultured linguist terms "easy money," that I am sometimes ill-advised enough to decline one. This time I did so, and assured the lady that her best plan was to advertise for students to whom her indisputable worth would surely appeal. "You can get anything obtainable through a properly placed and worded advertisement," I insisted, and she agreed and promised to act accordingly. The small niece regarded me keenly. "Anything?" she asked, and I laughingly repeated the dose. A few hours afterwards a small ad. appeared in a paper as follows: "Wanted, a small boy of nice appearance and manners, as playmate for a little girl of five years." It caught my eye from the unusualness of the demand, and I wondered what trying, mischievous, exacting and lonely small girl was thus being switched off the parental wire. The other day I met a man I know slightly, who wore a real open grin of amusement when he caught my eye. "Excuse me," he said, pausing, "but you might like to know that my Bessie took your advice and advertised for a playfellow." "And had she many replies?" I asked. "Well, here are two that seem to content her," he said, handing me a registration paper chronicling the arrival of twin sons to Bessie's mamma. I think most small girls would agree that Bessie now has no

on of his cigars. The man accepted the cigar, but, not finding it to his liking, had the bad taste to say to Thackeray, "I say, Thackeray, you won't mind my saying I don't think much of this cigar." Thackeray, no doubt irritated by the man's ungraciousness, and bearing in mind his turf-hunting predilections, quietly responded, "You ought to, my good fellow, for it was given me by a lord." Instead, however, of detecting the irony, the dolt immediately attributed the remark to snobishness on Thackeray's part, and to the end of his days went about declaring that Thackeray had boasted that he had been given a cigar by a lord!"

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What a descriptive word is "person." You know at once when you are told that a "young person" called, or an "old person" is wishing to see you, that the former is not above a certain low-water mark in the social swim and the latter is probably a collector for charities, or some sort of peddler or agent. A person is not an indefinite article. No one ever dreamed of describing a grande dame or an exquisite as a "person," nor do they ever apply the little substantive to a real horny-handed son or daughter of toil; the two first named are a lady and a gentleman; the latter just plain man and woman. A "person" may have fine clothes, fluency and plausibility, but remains a "person." No English word takes upon such dignity with age as "person"—a personage being labeled green seal and hall marked instanter. His face with comical air. And when he gives his wealth away Don't take it with a sneer. Speak kindly to the millionaire. He has a right to live And feel the sun and breathe the air You may be rich yourself, you see. Before your life is through, Speak kindly and remember he Is human, just like you. —Washington "Star."

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The Kid's Home-Coming.

How Hangtown Got Its Name.

WHEN the usual quantity of bacon and beans had been consumed and the leavings cleaned up by Yank, the men lit their pipes and proceeded to review the details of the recent murder at Rattlesnake Bar. This subject stimulated thought and loosened tongues as nothing else could possibly have done.

"You can see the whole business was a tenderfoot job," opined Pike, the cook, sousing his kettle into the creek, "or he'd never 'a' left them pigeon-toed tracks."

And thereupon arose a spirited discussion as to what the object of the shooting might have been—theft or revenge. Each man urged his own argument, until the discussion waxed hot, handled in the hard, brutalized manner that comes from the mind inured to such occurrences in a community where might makes right and the crack of a revolver is undisputed law.

With a deeper disgust than ever for everything about this camp life, the Kid pushed back from the circle and slipped away. Into the ravine he struck, then straight up the mountain where tier upon tier the tall pines girded the hill-side till the sharp, black outlines of the topmost row stabbed the burning sky.

Jamison was called the "Kid" by his companions only from custom. His weather-beaten, haggard countenance bore no suggestion now of immature youth. Yet this same gaunt, hairy fellow was the fair-skinned, ruddy young tenderfoot who had cast his lot with them few years before, and been ever since the butt of every practical joke and low, cunning trick their idleness might devise. For the Kid could not cook "sook-eye," or wield a crowbar, or drive a pack-train, or carouse, or even swear, worth speaking of; and the things he could do, and do well, were not the accomplishments needed in prospecting and planning.

Still pulling himself up by the stubby chaparral, the Kid climbed, leaving the camp and its associations as far behind as possible. At last the world was lost below him, the distant cry of a mountain lion and the thick flat track where a rattle had slid through the red dust were the only reminders of the fellow-inhabitant. When safe from the intrusion of bacon and tobacco fumes, and the suggestions of camp life that came with them, he drew from the bosom of his flannel shirt a bulky little packet, and the next blissful moment was thousands of miles from the sordid life about him. He closed his eyes to see a stately colonade of tall white hollyhocks leading up to a vine-clad porch, the air grew heavy with the breath of honeysuckles, and on the steps, under the clustering yellow roses—

A sharp fierce yap from Yank smote his ear and broke the spell. With a bound he was on his feet and off again, in search of a still rarer atmosphere, for he was reading in a precise little schoolman's hand:

"I have read your letter over and over till I know it all by heart, and all day long I tell myself you will be home next month, and all night long I dream of our meeting, but even then it seems too good to be true."

And so on to the middle of the fifteenth page, confessing the pain of the long weary waiting she had never spoken of until the end was in sight.

A great wave of pity rose in his heart for the fellows down at the camp. There had never been any sympathy between them, for he had felt their inimical attitude, and had let them alone as much as he could. But his luck had greatness in his heart, and the poor devils at the camp seemed for the first time a good-natured, hard-working lot. Many of them, he had left their homes with the same hopes and promises that had hollowed his life, and been less fortunate than he. He had seen men whose every hope was staked on some claim, working early and late in a frenzied determination to wrench a fortune out of the earth, grow bent and old in disappointment and despair. He had seen men who were "making it," and whose prospect of going home with a goodly pile was growing surer every day, through the might of John Barleycorn, lose fortune, hope, manhood. He had seen men, single-minded as himself in making a stake and returning to make a home for some waiting one, die of exposure and overwork in their zeal to accomplish their end. While he, although his stake was too modest to be called a strike, was now able to go home and claim his reward.

Again the breath of honeysuckles seemed to blow strong upon him as he read, at the end of the twenty-seventh page:

"And I shall meet you where we parted, at the turn of the lane, where you shall give your whistle as you did when we were children, and I will answer back. We will go home together, you and I, under the willows along the stream, and if it should be twilight when you come, it will not matter if for once we loiter a little on the way."

The yap of Yank was now too far below to reach him, but Yank was doing his best to make himself heard, and the smoking and talking in the camp had taken on a new energy. An excited posse had ridden over from Rattlesnake Bar and stopped in front of the Round Tent saloon.

"The tracks were the freshest along the creek," the spokesman of the posse was saying as he dismounted, "and if he didn't come through this camp he'd a' had to go all the way 'round by Jimtown, eying the group of idlers as if they might all have a charge of which to clear themselves."

"And it was a terrible bungling job, anyways," chipped in Pike, thereby exonerating himself from suspicion, for he had a reputation for adeptness in that line.

"Unless he done it that way a purpose to throw 'em off," suggested a bystander with more meaning in his tone than was wholesome for Pike.

The spokesman of the posse noticed this insinuation, and Pike, under his beard, went white about the gills.

"If it's a tenderfoot you're looking for this camp ain't a likely place to find one," Pike said, pridefully. "We've only got the Kid, but I wouldn't say a word agin' him."

"We tracked the man a good way from the cabin," the speaker continued; "we know the size of his boot and that he toes in," keeping an eye on Pike, "and it's pretty safe guess he came from this direction."

Pike's mention of the Kid had seemed so preposterous no one had taken it up,

but when toeing in had been suggested, several of the miners exchanged glances, for the Kid's pigeon-toed gait had been one of their oldest gibes.

"Where's this here kid?" demanded one of the Rattlesnake men.

"He lit out when he heard you comin' and struck into the woods," Pike hastened to say. And nobody remembered he had gone half an hour before the posse arrived.

"Oh, now don't you go to sayin' the Kid would do a thing like that," Pike continued, generously. "You see, he has just struck a little pocket, leastways, he says he's struck a pocket," with a grin, "and he's hustlin' lickety-split to get the next steamer. Lord, I wouldn't never suspect the Kid of such a thing," added Pike, nice, kind Mr. Pike, driving the first nail securely into the Kid's coffin.

"Who's this fellow," the Rattlesnake men then asked. And the information was pieced together that nobody knew much about him; that he kept a good deal to himself, and had been seen to strike out into the woods on the day of the murder; that he worked his own claim, and didn't have a "pardner"; that lately he had seemed to have more money than usual; that he had told several of the boys he was about to pull up stakes. Yes, on the whole, now you come to look at it that way, a rather suspicious character!

And Jamison, the while, saw nothing but the tall white hollyhocks, the moonlight filtering through the rose-thatch on the soft hair of the girl whose clear deep eyes answered his steadily, thought for thought. A merciful purple mist arose in the ravine below, wrapping the colony of tents in a temporary oblivion, and shutting him in with his lost paradise. A baby grosbeak fluted a drowsy call above his head, and from under the log on which he sat a tiny little woodrat scolded forth for a nocturnal raid. The crimson glow in the west was spent, and a stealthy twilight gleamed over the tree-tops. Jamison strained his eyes to read the last few lines on the thirtieth page:

"This is the last letter I will have to write you, and the gladness of our meeting makes these long years of waiting almost worth while, for every thought has been with you, every hope has been for you, and every day has seemed an eternity until I shall see you. But now that the suspense is almost over, I can be patient, and our meeting, when it does come, will be the sweeter for its long postponement."

Never before had she made such full confession to him. Her staid New England tongue had never known how to frame impassioned words. He closed his eyes to shut away the intrusive objects about him, and tried to close his ears to the intrusive sounds of hoofs on the trail below. Knowing he was safely out of sight, he waited impatiently, but, as he listened, instead of dying away, the sounds came nearer, straight up the hill-side, for those were the days when El Dorado County was young and trails were scarce, and any pony that couldn't cling like a fly to a rocky embankment and jump over fallen trees was not worth a load of buckshot.

Jealous of his solitude and impatience of this interruption, the Kid rose again and started for the other side of the mountain, but the pine needles made such a thick carpet he had miscalculated the distance of the horsemen. Before he had taken a dozen steps a volley of shots struck the trees around him, and "Hold!" the ringleader of the posse shouted. This intrusion seemed almost a desecration to the presence of his precious letter, and before turning to face the crowd he thrust it hastily into his shirt.

"Throw up your arms!" the voice again commanded. Then "Walk ten paces!"

The original Rattlesnake posse, augmented by as many more excitement-seekers from the camp in the ravine, lined up in a double column, leaving a space for the Kid to walk between them. "Gentlemen," the spokesman announced, solemnly, "you kin all see he is pigeon-toed."

Jamison, looking at the familiar faces in the crowd, wondered if this were some clumsy joke, and admitted cheerfully enough the incontestable fact that he did toe in.

"Now don't make up your minds too quick about this, boys," Pike spoke up; "I reckon them papers he hid in his shirt when we come up will prove his innocence." Pike's ferret-like eyes had the only ones to detect that move.

His precious letter in the hands of this gang of ruffians! Never! "No, boys," the Kid said, positively, "whatever you may want with me can have nothing to do with these papers."

This stand on the Kid's part seemed to make the chain of circumstantial evidence complete in the minds of his pursuers.

"If them papers ye sneaked out o' sight when we caught ye is straight, I guess ya won't mind handin' 'em over," Pike taunted.

"I tell you, you are not going to see these papers," the Kid repeated, fiercely.

"We won't, hey?" said Pike, and before Jamison had a chance to duck, Pike's brawny right had landed him a soothing blow.

"Here now, boys, be peaceable," interposed the ringleader from Rattlesnake; "all we want is to see justice prevail in these parts, and we want to be peaceful about it."

It was growing late; the pursuing party had had a long ride, and they were in a hurry. Lawlessness had been running riot long enough, they were all agreed, and summary justice wreaked on the head of the first available miscreant would be a wholesome example for a long time to come.

"Wall, now, whoever would a' thought that of the Kid?" exclaimed Pike, in well-feigned surprise, drawing an incriminating bank-note from somewhere, and displaying it to the crowd. And the boys from the camp, who had known him best, looked sorrowfully at this proof of the Kid's guilt.

Jamison rode back to camp at the head of the party, while the ringleaders dropped back and weighed his case. From the testimony gotten from the men around the Round Tent he was recognized as a suspicious character. "Yes, a terrible dangerous feller," Pike ventured, seeing the scales turning against him. He had certainly been caught running away; the papers hidden in his shirt were, of course, one of the missing rolls of bank-notes known to have been in the murdered man's cabin; he was pigeon-toed, as were also the tracks leading from the cabin.

"We tracked the man a good way from the cabin," the speaker continued; "we know the size of his boot and that he toes in," keeping an eye on Pike, "and it's pretty safe guess he came from this direction."

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Marguerite Stabler in "Argonaut."

expediency the men lined up into a hollow square. A gnarled old oak stretched its gaunt arms across the creek that babbled down the hillside, and under this the party stopped. The grinning moon hung low over the ghastly scene, and a few faint stars peeped out and shivered with the horror of it all.

Time was pressing. The Rattlesnakes had a night's ride ahead of them, so time was lost on preliminaries.

When the rigid body of the Kid was cut down next night, Pike, honest, justice-loving Mr. Pike, still fearful lest the murderer might be traced up to him, managed to secure the dead man's much-treasured papers which still were concealed in his shirt. Later, when he stealthily signed the letter to the camp-fire, he glanced hurriedly at the thirtieth page, still bearing the imprint of Jamison's hand, and chuckled as he read: "Our meeting, when it does come, will be the sweeter for its long postponement."

Marguerite Stabler in "Argonaut."

Some Recent Child Poems.

King Baby.

King baby on his throne
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!

King baby on his throne
Sits reigning all alone.

His throne is mother's knee.
So tender O, so tender O!
His throne is mother's knee,
Where none may sit but he.

His crown it is of gold,
So curly O, so curly O!
His crown it is of gold,
In shining tendrils rolled.

His kingdom is my heart,
So loyal O, so loyal O!
His kingdom is my heart,
His own in every part.

Divine are all his laws,
So simple O, so simple O!
Divine are all his laws,
With love for end and cause.

King baby on his throne
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!

King baby on his throne
Sits reigning all alone.

—Laurence Alma-Tadema.

Naughtiness.

Why am I sometimes naughty?
And sometimes very good?
What makes me act so different?
I never understood.

When in the morning I wake up
I don't know which 'will be'
A day full of naughtiness
Or a good day for me.

But when I go to bed at night
I know which I have been.
A Mamma's Joy all day or else
A creature full of sin.

"I thank thee, Lord, for my good heart;"
This is the prayer I make;
Or else: "Forgive my naughtiness,
Dear God, for Jesus' sake."
—Florence Wilkinson in "McClure's Magazine."

The Sandman.

The Sandman comes across the land,
At evening, when the sun is low:
Upon his back, a bag of sand—

His step is soft and slow.
I never heard his gentle tread;

But when I hear his sleepy head,
The Sandman's coming," mother says,
And mother tells the truth, always!

He glides across the sunset hill,
To seek each little child like me:
Our all-day-tired eyes to fill
With hours of sleep, from slumber's sea.

I try my best to awake to stay,
But I am tired out with play;
"I'll never see him!" mother says,
And mother tells the truth—always!
—Marie Van Vorst.

The Lost Child.

It was far to go for the little fellow,
And I think it was dark out there,
Away from the sunshine, warm and mel-

low.
That sweetened his earthly air.

It was far to go, it was dark, I know,
And it broke my heart that it should
be so.

The distance between a joy and joy
Or between a star and a star,
Some measure like this we may employ,
Nor measure at last how far.

And they were not feet, they were little
feet
That stumbled beside me in the street.

On little fellow, dear little fellow,
Once, where the strange paths crossed
In magical woods of sunlight yellow,
You, lagging behind, were lost—

Just a step aside; but I knew that wide
And terrified look, the day you died!

When it is day I can dissemble
And cover from sight my care,
But when it is dark, in tears I tremble—
What if he be lost out there?

In my troubled sleep, I lower, I weep,
I am little and lost, and the dark is deep.

When the ghost moon steals down the
To glide through my window bars,

I wake and pray to be dead, to follow
His stumbles between the stars.
—Fanny Kemble Johnson in "Harper's Magazine."

Good News For His Old Home.

Vernon Bromley Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills

Pills.

MUSIC

As the youngest of the really great prima donnas who at present command the attention of the British and American public, Mme. Melba occupies a pre-eminent position. She has the advantage of youth on her side as compared with her rivals, Patti, Sembrich, Nordica, Lehmann and Albani, and while their voices are beginning to wane, her beautiful organ is in the glory of its maturity. In ease, grace and extent of vocal technique it is doubtful whether she has ever been excelled by any of those famous singers. It has been objected by certain critics that Melba's voice is light in timbre, and that she is wanting in temperament and expressive power. It has, however, never been denied that her voice is of delicious quality, and beauty of tone always has won, and always will win, the enthusiastic verdict of the general public. In New York the musical press profess to have discovered that of late Melba has developed in emotional expression. They may be right, of course, although to me there seems to be no change in her singing during the past few years. Her return to Toronto on Thursday evening of last week brought to Massey Hall a representative audience of the musical culture of the city, and she was given a reception the unbound enthusiasm of which proved that her powers of attraction are not failing her. Her principal display number, as on the occasion of her first visit, was the mad scene from "Lucia," which from the day when the composer first published it has always been favorite selection with light soprani. It is a splendid vehicle for the exhibition of Melba's brilliant gifts, and she sings the graceful and difficult florid passages with a purity of tone, exactness of intonation and an absence of effort that would do honor to a Kubelik on the violin. But added to this, Mme. Melba sings the delicious melody which opens the aria with a charm of vocal sound that no instrument could approach. One may deny her the possession of the "grand voice," but when one hears her singing in friendly rivalry against such an instrument as the flute, as in the scene under notice, she reveals a range of color and a warmth of timbre that makes the instrument pale and cold by contrast. Her second great effort was in the great aria from Thomas' "Hamlet," which proved more interesting musically to many in the audience, because less hackneyed, than the "Lucia" excerpt. Her rendering of this was a triumph of vocal art in all its transcendental subtleties of finished execution and phrasing. Her other programme numbers were Rinaldo Hahn's "Si mes vres avaient des ailes," and an attractive Serenata by Tosti, both of which were charmingly sung in their unaffected grace. Mme. Melba was recalled sixteen times during the evening, and had to yield to the popular demand for encores by giving three extra numbers, two of which, "Coming Thro' the Rye" and "Dorothy May," delighted the audience beyond measure. The prima donna was supported by a very capable company. Signorina Sassoli, a young performer on the harp, made a complete conquest of her hearers by the brilliancy and neatness of her execution in several difficult solos, and may fairly be credited with a triumph second only to that of Melba herself. Mr. Ellison van Hoose, the distinguished American tenor, was heard in Verdi's "Celeste Aida," from the opera "Aida," and sang with that smoothness of style, fine quality of voice and suave phrasing that made so great an impression when he was first heard in Toronto. The French baritone, M. Gilibert, who sang here with the Grau Grand Opera Company, contributed three old songs with truly Gallic polish, and with a lyrical sweetness more suggestive of a tenor than a baritone. He was heard also in the striking and splendid duet from Bizet's "Pearl Fishers," in which his associate was Mr. Van Hoose. This number, musically, was one of the most welcome selections of the evening, and brought the concert to an effective close. The flute obligato to the mad scene was played by Mr. North, a most accomplished performer on his instrument, and the piano accompaniments were played with great judgment by Miss Llewellyn Davies, a talented young pianist.

Mrs. Simon Harris recently read before the Woman's Club of Portland, Ore., a lecture on "The Jew in the World of Music." She dwelt particularly on Mendelssohn, Fanny Hensel, Rubinstein, Moscheles, Meyerbeer, Halevy, Offenbach, Bizet, Oscar Weill, Nikisch, Cowen, Moszkowski, Paganini, Rosenthal, Tausig, Joachim, De Pachmann and Lili Lehmann.

The Milton "Reformer" gives an extended report of the concert recently given in the Town Hall, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church, by the popular Sherlock Concert Company. According to that paper "the audience was, owing to Mr. Sherlock's musical reputation, perhaps the largest that ever assembled for a Milton concert." The hall was packed to the doors—a \$160 house—and the splendid programme provided by the company was thoroughly enjoyed by all."

Victoria College Glee Club has resumed practices for the season's work, under the leadership of Mr. McNally, and will this season take a short tour through Western Ontario, in addition to giving their usual city concerts.

Mr. G. C. Warburton, basso, has been appointed choirmaster to St. Mary's (Anglican) Church, Bloor street west. Mr. Warburton has had a long career as a trainer of choirs, and was a chorister boy in Manchester Cathedral.

Mr. John F. Runciman of the London "Saturday Review" is of the opinion that the musical comments of the London dailies are the most wearisome portion of their columns. They do these things better, he says, in France and America, and continues: "We in England have our faculties dulled and jaded by listening to everlasting oratorios, to the same Beethoven symphonies, the same Chopin selections, the same songs. What can we do save describe the performances with the same interest that we might take

in describing a fire? We need to be jostled, shaken up, thoroughly awoken. Our editors should not compel us to go to provincial festivals to hear 'Elijah' for the thousandth time; nor should the exigencies of the advertisement office require us to notice every whipper-snapper of a pianist who chooses to hire St. James' Hall for an afternoon. Our energies should be reserved for only the things whose importance warrants us calling public attention to them."

Curiously enough, much of the above remarks would have been applicable to the state of music in Toronto some seasons ago. The musical interest of the public was getting "dulled and jaded" by a repetition from year to year of the same everlasting oratorios, the same Chopin selections for the piano, and the same Beethoven symphonies. It was a case of the "same old story, nothing new." No one, I hope, will accuse me of belittling the masterpieces of the great composers, or of praising modern music simply because it is novel, and decrying old music simply because it is old. But, as I have before pointed out in this column, there was danger of our becoming extremely narrow-minded musically, of running in a rigid groove, of falling behind other communities in catholic taste and appreciation. I, for one, much as I admire Beethoven's C minor symphony, Handel's "Messiah," and Chopin's piano works, would find it extremely tiresome to be restricted to hearing these works. Fortunately, the enterprise of our Mendelssohn Choir in broadening out the scope of their studies, engaging a great orchestra to supplement their own efforts, and drawing up more eclectic programmes, has saved the situation. I think I am not going too far in saying that to their successful example we owe the formation of the several societies, which are not only prepared to produce new works, but to employ efficient orchestras in association with their vocal forces. It is refreshing to note that the Mendelssohn Choir have not become wearied of doing well. Rather, they have been stimulated by the appreciation which their efforts have met both from the public and the press, to attempt still more brilliant achievements. This season they announce they will bring to Toronto for their three concerts the complete Pittsburgh Orchestra of sixty-eight musicians, so well with the object of securing a more complete and artistic performance of certain great compositions. Several famous works never before heard in Toronto will be produced, among them the symphonic poem, "Don Juan," by Richard Strauss, Tschaikowski's fine fifth symphony in E minor, Dvorak's "Carnival" overture, Chabrier's "Gwendoline" overture, Glazounow's suite de ballet, "Ruses d'Amour," and Percy Pitt's symphonic poem, "Paola and Francesca." In addition, vocal selections by Elgar, Parry, Mendelssohn, Sullivan, Gounod, Tschaikowski and Brahms will be sung, as well as Dr. Elgar's cantata, "The Black Knight." Among the compositions fairly well known will be Beethoven's great overture "Egmont" and Wagner's romantic overture, "The Flying Dutchman." Altogether, the scheme of the concerts for this season is exceptionally attractive, and must command hearty and general approval.

In an article on the vibrato in singing, Lancelot of the London "Reformer" makes the following points from his point of view: "The basis of our (English) admiration for the absolutely steady vocal tone is probably because it reflects the calmness of demeanor and 'cool-headedness' in trying circumstances on which we pride ourselves. This is confirmed by the English style of singing sacred music, in which we demand that phrases of the deepest sentiment should be sung with absolute steadiness of vocal production. This does not mean devoid of emotional expression, but with the significance of deep feeling controlled by intellectual strength. This is our ideal of fine singing." Lancelot, it seems to me, does not go far enough. Cultured musicians all the world over find constant tremulousness of tone, whether from the voice or an instrument, extremely sickly and cloying. The waving of tone that a skilled singer or violinist can produce is most effective and expressive in occasional rare circumstances, but when constantly resorted to it defeats its own purpose. The greatest violin players use the vibrato very sparingly, and great singers follow their example. Nothing is more annoying to a sensitive ear than the perpetual unsteadiness of tone which many singers and violinists produce, with the irritating effect that the notes never seem absolutely in tune. Another abuse is that of the portamento. A most touching effect can be made by its employment by a skillful artist, but as used by too many singers and violinists it suggests the wailing of a sick cat.

Here is a splendid puff for Patti culled from the columns of the "Etude"—years ago: "Madame Patti's larynx was pronounced by surgeons to be as nearly perfect in formation as the human larynx could be. She has willed it, after her death, to the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. At the first concert in New York city she will sing an aria from 'Lucia,' 'Il Bacio,' by Arditto, 'Home Sweet Home,' and 'The Last Rose of Summer.'

Mr. W. F. Atherton, in the Boston "Transcript," ridicules the organ being put into competition with the orchestra. He says: "Imagining for a moment a tongue-tied, semi-articulate actor staring it with a company every member of which was a finished elocutionist; just fancy the contrast between his unintelligible mumbling and their clean-cut speech. And he, too, in the principal part. Now, that is exactly the position the organ is in as a solo instrument against an orchestral accompaniment. The organ is semi-articulate, mumbles its phrases; the orchestra speaks distinctly, that all may understand what it says. Think of the solecism; the organ, without real accent, absolutely impersonal, doing leading business, with a chorus of sharply defined personalities! 'Tis fit to make the gods roar. Not that it is absolutely incomprehensible that organists should still write concertos. It is just as comprehensible that singers should give recitals—to remind the public of their existence. The organist lives a life apart, almost out of communion with the rest of the musical world; if he did not do something to refresh his

colleagues' memory, not to mention the public, he would be clean forgotten. Moreover, he has naturally become to a certain extent wedded to his peculiar instrument, and grown used to its failings—just as one gets used to a sister's deafness or a brother's hare-lip. He even persuades himself in time that the noise he makes on his pet instrument is really music; so that it is quite natural that he should expect others to think so."

Mr. Chrystal Brown has been engaged to sing in concert at Rochester, N.Y., Erie, Pa., Dunkirk, N.Y., Buffalo, N.Y., Cleveland, O., Pittsburgh, Pa., and two concerts in New York city.

The University of Toronto Glee Club has been reorganized this season, and a most successful season is anticipated under Mr. W. Y. Archibald, the newly-appointed conductor.

Mr. Frank Yeigh's Picture Talk.

The picture talk given by Mr. Frank Yeigh in Association Hall on Monday night was well attended, and the audience frequently showed their appreciation by well-merited applause. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor introduced the speaker, and gave a short address on his own early connection with the Y.M.C.A., after which Mr. Yeigh proceeded with his picture talk, telling many amusing incidents in connection with his travels. His subject was "The Grand Tour Through Home and Foreign Lands," and the lecture was illustrated by one hundred and fifty beautiful views. Commencing with our own "Silver East," Mr. Yeigh showed some clever pictures of the St. Lawrence country and Maritime Provinces. Crossing the Atlantic Ocean, several views were given of picturesque spots in Ireland and England and sunny France. Proceeding, the lecturer gave a series of beautiful pictures of the German Vaterland and the Swiss mountains and lakes, also glimpses of Norway's marvelous and rugged scenery, thence back to Bonnie Scotland, and across the ocean, home again, concluding with some views of our own city. A feature of the entertainment was the playing of a number of popular and patriotic airs at suitable intervals by an Italian orchestra, which added greatly to the effect of Mr. Yeigh's fine descriptions.



Edward R. Mawson, in the "Pride of Jennie," at the Grand Opera House next week.

A Bit Personal.

"Down!" shrieked the center rush. The opposing player, who had been flung to the earth, writhed violently; but the center rush only pushed his hand the more firmly into the face of the foe and cried exultantly:

"Down!" Here the opponent wriggled from beneath and caught the center rush a terrible left-hander on the chin that sent him to the grass and kept him there for the count. The referee, the players, the reserve players, and the police ran to the spot and clamored for an explanation, saying it had been agreed that there was to be no rowdiness in the game.

"I don't care!" excitedly said the offender. "When a man rubs his hand over my chin and yells 'down,' after I have been shaving for two whole months, it makes me mad!"—Judge.

Fat Babies Unhealthy.

An effort to awaken mothers to the fact that a fat child is not necessarily healthy is made by the "Lancet" (London), which says, in the course of its remarks: "It is a matter of clinical experience that a fat baby is unhealthy, with little resistance to disease, and likely to succumb on the least provocation to any of the so-called minor ailments of infancy. It is very greatly to be regretted that baby-shows, if they are to be held at all, cannot be utilized for educating the laity to admire in babies those 'points' which are genuinely deserving of admiration and expressive of a physiological condition, instead of acting, as they do, as direct inducements to overfeeding with foods which fatten, but do not produce sound, healthy tissues."

Unsisterly.

"And you can only be a sister to me?" sighs the youth. "That is all," softly says the fair young thing, who has tried to break it to him gently.

"Well, say, sister," he remarks, brightening up, "aren't you on pretty good terms with Flossie Moneypeck, that gorgeous blond creature?" "We are bosom friends. But why?" she asks with some curiosity.

"Well, if you are the right kind of a sister you will put in a lot of good words for me with her. I have always been pretty much interested in her, but I need someone to help the affair along."

Here the fair young thing begins weeping and accuses him of being a heartless wretch and a base deceiver, and says that she knew all along he did not care the least bit for her. After that it is easy.

Without diplomacy man is, to quote the classics, a two-spot.—"Judge."

Death due to Wallpaper.

"The general public, we fear, is not acquainted with the dangers arising from arsenic coloring matter in wall paper," says the "Scientific American." "A recent death in Palmer, Mass., is directly attributed, by the medical authorities, to this cause. The trouble which resulted so disastrously made its appearance a year and a half ago in what seemed to be nervous dyspepsia. Two months of travel abroad seemed to greatly improve the patient, but, on returning home he soon grew worse again. On account of certain conflicting symptoms which could not be readily accounted for, a specialist was called in, and gave it as his opinion that there was arsenic poisoning in the system. An investigation was then made, which resulted in the discovery of arsenic colors in the wall paper of the sitting-room."

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Social and Personal.

Seldom have friends been more shocked than at the tidings of the death, in most pathetic circumstances, of Mrs. Widmer Hawke, the beautiful young wife and mother of a baby boy. Mrs. Hawke's heart was not strong, and during the violent storm of last week her nerves were severely tried, resulting in a collapse and her death. To all her family and her bereaved husband sympathy has been warmly flowing, and a sense of keen personal loss gives added feeling to the condolences of kind friends.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles MacDougall has been appointed to a command at Quebec, and his many friends are pouring congratulations on him and his family.

An afternoon musicale for the purpose of helping to furnish the vestry of St. Paul's Church, Bloor street east, takes place on Friday, October 30, 1903, from 4 to 6 p.m., in the schoolhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bryce are now settled in their new home, 95 Woodlawn avenue, where Mrs. and Miss Bryce will receive on the first and third Mondays of each month.

The Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society are likely to give three entertainments during the winter. Weekly practices are taking place, and the first entertainment will in all probability be given in the large "American" dining-room of the King Edward Hotel. Some misunderstanding seems to exist as to membership and the payment of the fee for the season 1903 and 1904. The circular issued by the club provides that the associate membership subscription for the year is \$3. If two members belong to the same family the subscription for the two will be \$5. If three members belong to the same family the subscription will be \$7. Extra tickets will be issued to patrons, patricesses and associate members only for their friends for each entertainment at \$1 each, provided there is sufficient accommodation. All those who have been invited to become associate members, and who desire to join the club, should at once notify the secretary, Miss E. H. Mockridge, 10 St. Joseph street, and accompany the notification with the membership fee. The associate membership list will be closed at an early date.

Mrs. G. G. Adam will, after October, be at home on the first and fourth Tuesdays of the month at her mother's residence, 78 Crescent road.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wade have returned to town and have taken a house at 48 Ulster street, where Mrs. Wade will receive on the first and second Thursdays.

Mrs. Bouchette Anderson and Mrs. Hanley Barnes are at 54 Cecil street for the winter, and their reception day is Wednesday.

The death of Mr. Alexander Manning took place after a short illness resultant on a stroke of paralysis last week, and his funeral, headed by a magnificent body of Toronto police and followed by members of the City Council and others whose part was to recognize the passing of a man who in his day had held office

of the highest in the gift of the city and had large properties and interests therein, took place on Thursday. Mr. Manning leaves two children, Mr. Percy Manning and Mrs. Hume Blake—his wife and beautiful elder daughter having predeceased him. Mr. Manning was of Irish birth and was in his 85th year at the time of his death.

At the British Consulate-General, Manila, recently, Hugh Balfour Darnell, Esq., eldest son of the Rev. Henry Faulkner Darnell, D.D., of Avon, N.Y., was married to Miss Clara Elizabeth Mackenzie, eldest daughter of Philip Mackenzie, Esq., barrister of London, Ont. The ceremony was performed by W. J. Kenny, Esq. H.B.M. Consul-General, in the presence of several witnesses. Mr. and Mrs. Darnell were mar-

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rieds at Christ Church, Yokohama, on July 1, and as is customary with British subjects on foreign soil, a marriage and registration is required at the British consulate. Mr. Darnell is an official of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan have taken rooms at Mrs. Duckworth's for the winter. Mrs. Hees has arranged to make a series of visits to Syracuse and elsewhere next week, and I believe Mr. Hees intends taking a holiday with her.

Dr. George Elliot Cook of Chicago has leased Mr. J. F. Eby's house, 134 Bloor street west. Mrs. George Elliot Cook, Mrs. S. Cook and Miss Gertrude Cook will receive on the first, second and third Fridays of each month after November 1st.

Mr. Thomas L. Church has returned to town after a week's absence in Montreal and Ottawa, where he was the guest of the Messrs. Christmas and Boon and of the Messrs. McGee of Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Fred Gundy have taken rooms at Mrs. Frazer's, 40 Cecil street. Mrs. Gundy will be at home on Thursday afternoons.

Canon Sweeny having removed to 154 St. Patrick street, Mrs. Sweeny will be at home to her friends on the first and second Wednesdays of each month.

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